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In this Issue-

MICHAEL AMRINE, a science writer living in Washington, D. C., is working on a TV documentary on atomic energy ... SIR STEPHEN KING-HALL has served in various capacities in the British Admiralty and was a Member of Parliament during World War II. He is the author of many books on military strategy, from A Naval Lieutenant, (1914-1918) to The Communist Conspiracy (1953) ... ARTHUR BROWN is Assistant to the Dean of the School of General Studies at Columbia University ... RUTH M. REYNOLDS writes frequently on Puerto Rico for various publications ... DON CALHOUN is now operating Holiday Homestead, Fort Pierce, Florida, for people interested in natural living ... JOHN STANLEY has contributed articles and poetry to The Catholic Worker, The Commonweal and other publications ...

MADEFREY ODHNER's poems have appeared in The Nation, Scribner's, The Commonweal, and a number of Pacific Coast publications. He lives in an enclave of "the country" near Walnut Creek, California ... ESME WYNNE-TYSON was recently awarded a special prize by the Millennium Guild in New York for her writings ... JOHN MARTINSON sent us his article just before he was sentenced to serve in a Federal penitentiary ... DAVID McREYNOLDS is alternate on the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party, Social Democratic Federation and has been active in pacifist youth work on the West Coast.

Copies of the June issue are still available for readers who missed the first installment of the autobiography of A. J. MUSTE.

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a gamble that could pay off •

THE WORLD'S ATTENTION has been focussed in recent weeks on the sessions of the United Nations Disarmament Subcommittee in London. The papers were for some time filled with optimistic reports that the big powers were on the brink of reaching an agreement on some meaningful first step toward disarmament. But the fine art of brinkmanship seems to be applied now to peace as well as war: always stop short of the decisive step.

Here in the United States, statements by the Pope, Albert Schweitzer, the top West German scientists who served notice that they would refuse to work on nuclear weapons and by 2200 American scientists led by Linus Pauling piled up heavy pressure on the Eisenhower administration to do something about stopping H-bomb tests. Visions of children's milk carrying radioactive material to induce cancer in their bones and of mothers bearing monstrosities as the effect of exposure to fall-out finally got under the skin of masses of people who had not really been stirred up by the atrocities of Hiroshima, Nagasaki and Bikini. The argument that a few tens of thousands of leukemia and cancer cases and of misshapen babies constitute a small price to pay for national security through superiority in armaments suddenly sounded academic and hollow to ordinary people. It reminded many of the ghoulish Nazi experiments on human beings and of the ovens of Belsen and Buchenwald.

Faced with the clear and present danger that the process of building new weapons would be halted, the Pentagon officials and those scientists who are in their employ came forward with two tactical diversions. In the first, scientists like Willard E. Libby and Edward Teller, the 'father' of the H-bomb, held a carefully publicized meeting with President Eisenhower. The purpose was to create the impression that they had just providentially discovered that a "clean" H-bomb can be made, one with the danger from fall-out cut to only 5% of that produced by the megaton bomb exploded in the Pacific a couple of years ago.

The other argument for continuing tests was that the government is really bent on eliminating big bombs altogether. Whether clean or dirty, they

do not have the deterrent power we have heard about and for which taxpayers have had to put up so many billions of dollars as insurance. What is now required for real insurance against brush-fire wars is not those horrible big strategic bombs, but neat tactical bombs with atomic warheads.

Even assuming that the motives of all those involved in this campaign are of the purest and that they are personally fine people, what they are doing is flim-flamming the American people by turning attention away from the real issue and focussing it on frivolous distractions.

The clamor for more tactical bombs with atomic warheads—a few of which can destroy only a city and not a whole nation—does not imply that the big H-bombs are to be dismantled. The point is simply that the United States already has such a big stockpile of H-bombs that adding to it is pointless. The intended effect of the emphasis on tactical bombs is to make people feel that nuclear weapons have become conventional, part of the manageable wars we used to know, and thus to take the edge off the revulsion against nuclear war itself, in which, when it comes, no nice distinctions are going to be drawn. What the top scientists and military people really want to be free to produce is the I.C.B.M. (intercontinental ballistics missile), the ultimate weapon which would be far more destructive and indiscriminate than the dreaded H-bomb.

As for the "clean" H-bombs, scientists have been aware in recent years that the uranium content in the trigger bomb (and consequently what is called radioactive "dirt" from fall-out) could be reduced. The fanfare connected with the announcement at this time has nothing to do with science. It is politics and, in our view, dishonest. Let Americans not lose sight of the fact that "clean" H-bombs are ones that can wipe out whole cities, cinder the flesh of tens of thousands of human beings, turn sleeping babies into jelly and, according to the 579-page handbook, *The Effects of Nuclear Weapons*, just issued by the government of this country, subject people two and a half miles away to lethal doses of direct radiation and multitudes many

miles further away to doses sufficient to cripple them for life and cause them to pass on deformities to their children.

"DIRTY WAR"

The question remains, as Norman Cousins has aptly phrased it, not whether we can make a "clean" H-bomb, but whether we can get rid of "dirty war".

The notion that nations in the age of nuclear technology are going to go back to pre-atomic age war is an example of fairyland thinking. Even if they did, the cleanliness of pre-atomic block busters and fire bombs is of doubtful virtue, in view of the millions they destroyed in the later stages of World War II.

This gives us the clue as to how intelligent and in some cases well meaning statesmen can spend months in negotiating about such a simple matter as declaring a moratorium on H-bomb testing and get exactly nowhere. Once you put a halt to some crucial part of this huge scientific, industrial, financial, military mechanism to which nations devote the biggest part of their budgets and in which they see their only ultimate security, you have in effect committed yourself to the elimination of war. The more astute among the military, the kept scientists and the politicians understand this. And the elimination of war would of course be a revolutionary step, involving vast economic and political changes, as well as changes in our patterns of thought and feeling.

The idea that has always governed such negotiations is that no nation can put itself at a disadvantage in its power relationships with another. A howl goes up if a negotiator offers a concession that "endangers national security". At any moment, therefore, the aim of each negotiator is to get the enemy to make a concession. In London at this stage Zorin wants immediate cessation of nuclear tests without advance agreement to stop production of nuclear weapons, because Russia's production of such weapons is still behind that of the United States. Stassen wants to retain the United States' advantage and therefore holds out against suspension of tests without an advance agreement that would halt Soviet produc-

tion. Whatever armament reduction has taken place in the past after a costly war has simply represented a temporary reduction of military budgets—which remained, however, well above the pre-war level in each case—while the basic pattern of power struggle was retained. It was, therefore, only a matter of time before the armaments race was resumed on a more advanced technological level.

WHAT DISARMAMENT INVOLVES

When we consider the crucial question of whether nuclear war can be eliminated by a series of agreements, we have to determine two points. One is whether there is a clear understanding in Washington, Moscow and London, of what is involved. Is there a moral and political will to abolish war? Secondly, has the United States begun to consider seriously how to effect the transition to a peace-time economy and whether it is prepared to face the changes in a "free enterprise" system and corporate control of economic life that a world view would require? In Russia the mechanics of shifting production from one type of goods to another might be a simpler operation. But are the leaders of the Communist regime prepared to face the internal changes that will be demanded when they no longer command an army?

We are not arguing that a vast revolution has to be achieved in both or all major countries before abolition of war can be undertaken. The relationship of forces is not as simple as that. Both aims must be pursued simultaneously. But we are pointing out that the reason sensible and intelligent people do not take steps to remove the threat of universal annihilation is not a simple "misunderstanding" that could be quickly ironed out if those two war buddies, Zhukov and Eisenhower, could only get together for a quiet talk sometime. The problems are real and complex. The things that have to be done are fundamental and costly.

Since genuine disarmament has in the past not been effected by political processes such as we are discussing, the second point we have to determine is whether there is in the picture some new factor that can be counted upon to overcome the hitherto insuperable obstacles and create a decisive will to peace.

"BALANCE OF TERROR"

It is a fact that war has entered a new phase with the advent of the nuclear age. It may be, as someone put it, that when the generals on both sides become aware that planning war is synonymous with planning their own extinction, they will lose their enthusiasm for the war game. There is considerable reason to think that both the American and Soviet administrations are, for the time being, operating on the theory that the international situation must be kept sufficiently under control to prevent the outbreak of nuclear war.

But the indications that governments are acting as if they understood the true situation are few and precarious. While speaking words about disarmament they act on the basis of mutual deterrence. But deterrence, "the balance of terror", is what governments have been seeking all along. This is what has created the present problem.

The same reasoning applies to the statement that we Americans must arm because the Russians do, cannot disarm unless the Russians do, and vice versa. This is not a solution and in the present case it is fantastically unhelpful. The problem is precisely that each side insists on acting like a moral monster by plotting the extermination of the other and like a raving maniac by preparing the extinction of its own people, meanwhile proclaiming that this makes sense and that it is the way to be true to the highest ideals and noblest ends.

All those who are supposed to be the keepers of the public conscience, and especially Christian ministers, who do not cry out against it are guilty of the gravest moral dereliction. Morally the waging of nuclear war against anyone for any purpose cannot be justified. Two years ago, on the tenth anniversary of Hiroshima, *The Pilot*, official organ of the Catholic Archdiocese of Boston, said of that bombing: "No barbarian in the history of man ever snuffed out human life more wantonly." And what is the bombing of Hiroshima compared to H-bomb war? A day laborer cried out the other day about the leaders of the big powers: "The worst criminals would not do what these people are preparing for. Why should I have any respect for them?" He was right, and his judgment applies to all the people who do not stop the H-bomb criminals.

The United States must take some decisive steps, unilaterally if necessary, to eliminate its own arms program. Such an action would be taking a risk. But the gamble is far less than that of preparing for hydrogen war. It would be a return to human decency and common sense, which is more than can be said for the course the government has been pursuing and which has brought us to this fateful hour. It could reverse the present momentum and set in motion forces that would break the deadlock and the cycle of fear.

HONOR ROLL

The following were arrested in New York City, July 12, for refusal to take part in psychological preparation for war through Civil Defense Exercises. As we go to press, they are serving sentences of 30 days each. A number of others throughout the country have refused to obey but have not been arrested. Some, however, have been fired from their jobs.

JUDITH BECK

JULIAN BECK

SANDY DARLINGTON

DOROTHY DAY

KERRAN DUGGAN

MICHAEL GRAINE

AMMON HENNACY

CARL MEYER

JOAN MOSES

RICHARD MOSES

DEANE MOWRER

DAN O'HAGAN

they refused to hide •

...and so in the middle of the twentieth century it was decreed that men and women should run-like-frightened-rabbits into holes in the ground.

And it was further decreed that there should be practice in running-like-frightened-rabbits.

In New York there were twelve men and women who said: "We will refuse to run-like-frightened-rabbits. We still remember what it is to be a human being."

"We will make you run," they said. "Everyone will run-like-frightened-rabbits—judges, bankers, governors and generals. Even our Chief, our President, will fly-like-a-frightened-bird to a secret hideaway. No one will think it strange."

"We will think it strange," the twelve said. "We will stay behind to show that fear is still not total. When you come out you will find us here."

"You cannot in this way defend us," they said.

"This is the only way we can defend you," the twelve replied. "Otherwise there will be nothing to defend."

"We fear you too," they said. "For the law says that none shall refuse to hide. When our lawyers and our judges come out from the holes, they will make an accounting with you."

And so indeed it was.

R. F.

IT IS DOUBTFUL if anyone, in or out of Civil Defense, thinks that there is any defense against the H-Bomb. Back when Civil Defense was young, the Director for New York City spilled the beans. He said: "The shelters are no good at all... The only answer must be total evacuation" (New York Herald Tribune, April 1, 1954). Since then the bombs have gotten considerably worse and the shelters no better. Official estimates are that nearly 50 million persons would have been killed in the United States within a few minutes if the mock attack of July 12 had been real, and another 50 million seriously wounded, even though all 100 million of them had followed Civil Defense orders to the letter.

Just as frightening as the possible future deaths of those 50 million is the present condition of people who can be told these things and be unmoved by them. Undoubtedly the drill and the ensuing headlines helped nudge a new batch of persons toward our already jammed mental institutions. But on the surface at least, it led to little mature action to stop the drift to war.

If the average person knew that

his house or apartment would be blown up ten minutes from now, he would see to it that he and his wife and children got out at once. He might even leave his television set behind. But when the exact date is indefinite, and the whole affair is somehow considered to be in the province of the government, most persons just skip from the disaster headlines to the comics or the sports page with hardly a non-conformist thought.

Americans often stress the superiority of our "free, democratic" society and go on to draw the conclusion that we should therefore obey all its laws and directives. This predisposition to loyalty has helped create the present paradoxical situation in which most Americans congratulate themselves on being free even as they are being led to the slaughter. We have allowed our individual reasoning power, our self-reliance, and our consciences to atrophy to the point where we blindly obey war exercises in which we are told that, as soon as they become real, 50 million of us will be killed. We are so impressed with the fact that we can vote for some members of the government

(from lists prepared by those who finance the campaigns and to whom the candidates are responsible) that we have failed to notice that we are preparing our own execution. As we allow ourselves to be increasingly "other-directed" in our daily activities—in the school, the factory and even our private lives—we find it hard to resist the outside agency of the State as it proceeds towards our mass destruction.

Just how little freedom is being left to us these days can be seen by what happened to the handful of pacifists in New York who refused to take part in the mock raid, which they considered part of "a deliberate campaign of psychological preparation for war." Ten of them, including Dorothy Day and Ammon Hennacy of the Catholic Worker, sat calmly on a park bench while the sirens screamed. A young man and his wife walked through Times Square carrying signs reading: "You are Preparing for War" and "Why Not Prepare for Peace?" All 12 were seized and sentenced to thirty days in jail. Colonel Henry George Hearn of the New York State Civil Defense Auxiliary Police said that they would get 120 days next time. (If the United States has an independent judiciary, we wonder how he knows.)

In Europe, during the actual bombings of World War II, when shelters did protect the occupants a little, no one was compelled to take shelter. (Later, even before the A-bomb, the United States introduced saturation bombing with firebombs, and the shelters became tombs in which hundreds of thousands were roasted to death.) But when the announced purpose of the drill has become a farce and the real purpose is not to protect physically but rather to destroy spiritually, individuals cannot be allowed to think or act for themselves. In a time of official madness, even a single individual who speaks the truth is a danger to the state.

Some of the pacifists said that they were doing penance for America's having dropped the A-bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. This infuriated the judge, who said: "You are a bunch of heartless individuals who breathe contempt for the law. Read

the Bible ... and see what our Lord Jesus Christ did for penance ... You must be bound by rules and regulations." Two years ago, for the same offence, the defendants were called "murderers" by another judge. Just as no one believes that Civil Defense can protect us from the H-Bomb, so no one really believes that these pacifists are murderers or that a judge can teach Dorothy Day how to do penance in the manner of Jesus Christ. But the Majesty of the Law and habits of acquiescence lead people to accept these absurdities almost without protest. The twelve believers in non-violence are sitting out their jail sentences and the pundits of America are busy proving that the "Free World" must be defended at all costs.

Fifteen or twenty New Yorkers have been picketing one of the jails every afternoon from twelve to two, but for the most part the newspapers, radio, and TV have not taken notice of this fact—let alone given editorial support. Apparently the sight of live men and women at the entrance to a real jail demanding freedom for their imprisoned comrades is not considered as exciting for TV as the standardized adventures of a Grade C Hollywood hero. Perhaps the press would have been more interested if a similar protest and suppression had taken place in East Berlin or Moscow.

* * *

Behind the calloused acceptance of the drift toward mass suicide lies a challenge that Americans, for all their storied energy, inventiveness, and imagination, have not faced up to: *the present society in the United States cannot be defended without war and yet it can no longer be defended by war.* Faced with this dilemma, discussion has tended to be reduced to secondary issues, such as the possibility of manufacturing a "clean" H-bomb, and the exact extent of the harm from testing the present bomb.

The men who go right ahead pushing the manufacture and testing, not only of the H-bomb but of intercontinental guided missiles as well, see one aspect of the problem more realistically than many of those who oppose continued manufacture and testing. They see that the United States cannot possibly maintain its position of overwhelming world power and privilege without keeping a corresponding military advantage. Those who campaign against the H-bomb

are calling for sanity in that one area, but for the most part have not looked realistically at the over-all implications. They have not faced the fact that to renounce the instruments of mass suicide means to renounce the military struggle and that to renounce the military struggle means to abandon America's position of Empire and the special privileges we all derive from it.

Obvious as this should be, it is sometimes hard to see in the complexities of international relationships. But let us examine the same principles, writ small, in an area where they can be more easily grasped: the economic and power relationships of any American city. In New York, for instance, I shudder whenever I pass an armored Brinks truck, with its machine guns and guards. I am also offended by the presence of police, with guns in holsters, at the entrance to the banks and many industrial plants. We should do away with this practice of defending property by willingness to destroy human life. But this would entail an end to banks and the collective injustice which they both protect and aggravate. We should protect the poor from the banks, but instead we hire police to protect the banks from the poor.

If the police force in New York were done away with, the banks would be broken into within a matter of hours. Tiffany's, Abercrombie and Fitch, the Stork Club, and all the centers of wealth and privilege would be raided. Only those who are willing to do away with property rights can call for an end to violence. This is a hard price for people brought up in the myths of our present society. But

as man's powers of destruction advance, the violence used to defend privilege and property becomes more and more offensive, on both the local and world levels. So far we have resisted the positive claims of brotherhood; now we may gradually back into a society of liberty and equality because of the suicidal requirements of defending any other way of life. The great need is not just to rail against fallout and the most sensational aspects of militarism. The need of the hour is to call for an end to the relationships that make militarism itself inevitable.

* * *

The deed is always mightier than the word. The twelve pacifists who refused to take shelter brought out the ridiculousness of Civil Defense against H-bombs more forcefully than if they had confined their protest to letters, sermons, or articles. Those who know that the H-bomb is an instrument of world-wide destruction can speak and act against it with full logic only by giving up all claim to special privileges and property. It is not enough to call for an end to H-bombs while continuing to make, transport, or bear other arms. But it is not enough to refuse to make, transport, or bear arms if, at the same time, we refuse to share our income with the least of our brethren throughout the world. This is to renounce personal participation in violence while making it necessary for someone else to do the dirty deed for us. Publicizing the evils of fall-out and the destructiveness of the bomb is useful only if it stimulates ourselves and others to see why the bombs were made in the first place and why they are still being made.

D. D.

Before A Wall

*As monks, who walk and meditate,
We slowly pace the concrete strip before a wall,
A group of pendulums, measuring the time.
Here to there, back and forth.
A breeze lifts up our signs,
Colloquial phrasings of the divine plea,
Deliver us from evil.*

*Behind the wall,
Where no breeze finds its way,
Are locked some women, who chose
To sit in a park one afternoon.*

Betsey Hines

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THE DARSHAN

OF ALBERT EINSTEIN

MICHAEL AMRINE

ALBERT EINSTEIN once appeared at the State Department.

Today he may appear as an apparition to men dreaming of massive provocation and massive retaliation. I saw him as he arrived in person, to be a witness before the Anglo-American Commission of Inquiry into Palestine, in 1946.

Extra guards had to be posted, not so much against members of the public, as against the curious from within the old building itself. People who would not look up from their desks to see an Oriental dignitary sweep by left their work, crowded the corridors and lined the winding stair rails to see Einstein pass.

He walked among us. He was not dressed by Brooks Brothers, that was apparent; but it is of record that for this occasion he wore a necktie.

He sat patiently among the crowd as he sat at scientific meetings, in the third or fourth row. His untidy hair was like that of a charwoman after she has worked all night. Or again, in the newsreel glare, it burst into radiance. More reposedly as he waited, with his hands folded together, he took on the aspect of a sphinx. We wondered what went on inside that leonine head, and whether all his genius could throw the tangled affairs of Palestine into perspective.

When he spoke from the witness chair he did not have any ingenious solution, but spoke with feeling of the human beings on all sides of Israel's struggles. He also said some of the things one does not put in so many words in the halls of diplomacy. He assumed that everyone else assumed that the British instigated Arab revolts. He spoke disparagingly of all politicians. The politicians on the six-man board asked him if he would have all politicians done away with. No indeed, he said, for when one is killed in Palestine, ten spring up.

He was asked what he would do if he were King of Palestine. He exclaimed, "If I were King of Palestine, God forbid!" Years later, Chaim Weizmann was to offer him the job of being honorary president of Israel, and again Einstein said no. Thus twice he considered and refused the title of King of the Jews.

After his testimony, Einstein sat again for a time as a member of the audience. Then he departed and a hush came over Arab and Israel partisans as they gave

him space to thread his way through the crowd. We remained quiet for some time after he had gone.

One of the mystical ideas of India is that of *darshan*. The word is said to be untranslatable, but refers to a special grace which Indians believe radiates from a great soul. So Indian mothers would hold their children aloft when Gandhi passed, believing that it was not even necessary for the leader to glance in the child's direction, that his presence still gave a benediction . . . *darshan*.

How can we understand the untranslatable work or presence of Albert Einstein? How can we tell our children some of the grace he gave us? What was it he tried to say, which we would remember now that he no longer walks our earth?

Well, children, we might begin, of most men you say they were a citizen of such and such a place, and lived from this year to that year.

But Einstein was not really a German and, despite his naturalization papers, he was not an American. No more was he a Jew, although he was a Zionist and spoke of 'my people.' In fact, he was a being of the race called human, and we were all his people.

He hated hate itself, and would not have said that he hated nationalism. But Einstein probably feared nationalism more than any other of the concepts which men use to imprison themselves. Thus he was one of the few persons who survived the first half of the twentieth century and remained a citizen of the world.

Not limited by boundaries of national space, neither was he a figure merely of our time. He had published his theory of relativity at the age of 26, and thus for nearly fifty years lived with the certain knowledge of his immortality. He was also certain of his mortality. He knew that the human experiment had gone on for thousands of years and, barring incredible folly, would go on for thousands more. The quarrels of our day he saw as of our day.

Perhaps he had struggled for simplicity. But for all the years he was in the public eye, he had perfected simplicity. There seemed to be no struggle in his avoidance of personal complexity.

One marvel of Einstein, as Einstein said of the universe, was this: the most incomprehensible thing about him was that he was comprehensible. Einstein the man loved children, dogs, music, sailing, sitting in the sun, smoking a pipe, having high-spirited talk with friends, making or hearing a good joke. He also loved the work which occupied him nearly every day. We loved his working-clothes, his pullover sweatshirts, his baggy trousers, his run over moccasins. We loved the stories about his eating an ice cream cone as he walked down Nassau, the main street of Princeton. Then we loved the truth even more—that he did not like ice cream and had not been downtown for years!

This attempt to put on paper his indefinable quality reminds me of a similar problem a few years ago.

I was going to visit him, and racked my brain to think of some gift. He was one of the richest men in the world, as he wanted for nothing. It was always possible to urge some book on him—but once he had exclaimed to me—"I do not believe in too much reading, it takes time from one's own thinking."

What could you give Einstein? His tools were a pencil and a sheet of paper; his pleasures were music he made himself and the pipe he smoked. Hundreds before me had sent or brought him pipes from all over the world.

I departed for Princeton without a present. On the last lap of the trip I saw at a roadside stand the last peaches of the season. On an impulse, I stopped. I went up the wooden porch of Einstein's home lugging a \$2 basket of peaches.

Then I knew what it was to be rich, as I saw Einstein twinkling with human gratitude. "I thought we would not get any more peaches this year!"

If I think of him as he was and not for what he meant, I usually see him smiling. He loved his professorial jokes.

Once I went to see him about a radio campaign to promote world government. He listened—and incidentally refused support, in the kindest and simplest imaginable way. He summed up my plea in a sentence, "You mean that the medium which threatens to make human life unendurable may also serve as a means of prolonging it!"

I think of the first time I went into his study. He was to write a magazine article, and had asked a scientist friend to send him someone to help him write in English, a help he certainly did not need, as he always expressed himself lucidly and persuasively.

He put me at ease immediately, but said that he did not like the editor's emphasis on the phrase, "a new way of thinking." "Unfortunately," he said, "we have to think in the same way as the Greeks and as far more

primitive people . . . we just wish there could be a new way of thinking." Also, he did not like the phrase "atomic age," and he himself never used it. "There will be time enough for that when men learn to use the power for mankind's benefit."

However, it turned out that despite these objections to the request as stated, he thought the proposed article could be useful to urge international control of atomic energy. He even had the piece outlined—not on paper, but in his head.

Despite any lapses on my part of the work, he insisted the magazine break its long-standing rule against double bylines—"just say I insist your name should be on it, with mine."

In physics, a new arrival at a university who carried a letter expressing interest in his work, signed by Einstein, would be the subject of wry smiles behind his back. An endorsement from Einstein was almost like the signs on inns saying "Washington slept here." Einstein found it very hard not to find good in people or in causes, particularly any cause which purported to promote peace. Even when four Soviet scientists attacked him as a tool of the warmongers, he replied to them moderately, beginning, "Four of my Russian colleagues have published a benevolent attack. . . ."

However, he did not live in such an ivory tower that he did not hear the criticism that said his name was sometimes misused. I think he did not care much more than did the Bishop when Jean Valjean stole his candle sticks. I think Einstein felt, with cause, that no one could really steal much of his name.

Sophisticates said that self-seeking people took advantage of him, and pulled the wool over his eyes, but I am not so sure.

On most of the half-dozen times I went to see him, I found him in his study, at home or at the Institute with a sheet of paper before him, filled with equations.

He always turned immediately to the project which had brought us together, as a mariner coming from far places sits down again in a cramped room ashore. His eyes, sunk deep in a tanned and weathered face, were clear and calm—not brilliant—and he opened his mind to the subject at hand as simply as you open a door into another room.

Einstein had the eyes of God or your child. I think they saw clearly what human beings did to each other and what we did to him.

Many men tried and failed to make Einstein the scientist clear to us. The book which did it best—by Lincoln Barnett—we made a best-seller.

But Einstein himself made Einstein the human being very clear.

My political ideal is that of democracy. Let every man be respected as an individual and no man idolized. It is an irony of fate that I myself have been the recipient of excessive admiration and respect ... through no fault, and no merit, of my own."

On relativity:

If you will not take the answer too seriously and consider it only as a kind of joke, then I can explain it as follows: it was formerly believed that if all material things disappeared out of the universe, time and space would be left. According to the relativity theory, however, time and space disappear with the things.

Of the age of television:

Why does this magnificent applied science, which saves work and makes life easier, bring us so little real happiness? Because we have not yet learned how to make sensible use of it. It is not enough that you should understand about applied science in order that your work may increase man's blessings. Concern for the man himself and his fate must always form the chief interest of all technical endeavors. Never forget this in the midst of your diagrams and equations.

Of religion:

The most beautiful and most profound emotion we can experience is the sensation of the mystical. It is the sower of all true science. He to whom this emotion is a stranger, who can no longer wonder and stand rapt in awe, is as good as dead. To know that what is impenetrable to us really exists, manifesting itself as the highest wisdom and the most radiant beauty which our dull faculties can comprehend only in their most primitive forms—this knowledge, this feeling is at the center of true religiousness.

Of his and others' search for order in the universe, one of his favorite sayings:

God is subtle but never mischievous.

Of his daily life between his study at home and daily walk to the Institute of Advanced Study:

I live in that solitude which is painful in youth, but delicious in the years of maturity.

Of the central political fact of our time:

The construction of the atom bomb has brought about the effect that all the people living in cities are threatened, everywhere and constantly, with sudden destruction. There is no doubt that this condition has to be abolished if man is to prove himself worthy, at least to some extent, of the self-chosen name of homo sapiens.

Thus we all saw him and found his humanity understandable. He was as direct as a saint should be.

A school-girl in California wrote him for help in her arithmetic. He promptly wrote her the solution on a post-card.

In 1939 Leo Szilard, Eugene Wigner, and Edward Teller asked him to go to see President Roosevelt. He thought the President would be 'too busy'—and thus history missed one of its greatest conversations. Instead Einstein wrote Roosevelt the famous letter. That letter of two pages, signed "A. Einstein," was to end a war which had not yet begun, was to begin a new age or end all ages of man.

Thus, children, we might say, the greatness we could comprehend in Einstein was that as a human being he surmounted the barriers which hem in most of us, barriers which in many cases we build ourselves. Money, fame, personal pride, national pride, the complexity of the modern world ... even the great ugliness of fascism ... nothing was able to destroy or deflect this simple human being as he walked among us.

In the twenties he was a craze, like Valentino or the Lindbergh of the Atlantic flight. Even now he will probably remain a symbol of omniscience.

"Don't expect me to understand it," says the man in the street. "I ain't no Einstein." That man always had the halfway hope that somewhere an Einstein somehow understood just how and why the world was put together.

But deeper than that was the knowledge that Einstein did not understand all the answers ... he was human. He was one of us. His serenity gave us courage in the face of the mysterious *why*.

So in the age of Nagasaki and Dachau, we could look at him and again be proud to be a human being. And when we saw the crowd give him tribute given to no other man of our western world, we could be proud of the human race, not just for producing Einstein, but for having the simple goodness to love him.

Einstein himself said:

"The contrast between the popular estimate of my powers and achievements and the reality is simply grotesque ... would be unbearable but for one consoling thought: it is a welcome symptom in an age which is commonly denounced as materialistic, that it makes heroes of men whose ambitions lie wholly in the intellectual and moral sphere."

Darshan, in the Indian belief, is not of one occasion alone, nor from a man by himself, but occurs when a crowd recognizes that a great soul is passing by. We must know our race will produce other great souls, and watch for them.

And our race will always have Albert Einstein.

military authority suggests :

ARMIES ARE NOW OBSOLETE

A prominent Commander in the British Navy proposes an official study of passive resistance as the only effective method of defense in the nuclear age.

SIR STEPHEN KING-HALL

IT SEEMS WHOLLY WRONG to assume without any investigation that what may broadly be called military power is the *only* way in which defence can be made effective.

Nor should we be impressed or unduly influenced by the fact that from the earliest known times to the present day, physical force and weapons from the spear to the atom bomb have been the outward and visible signs of defence.

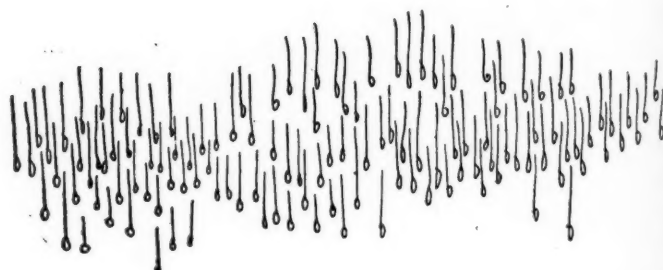
Victors' Position

TODAY it is generally recognized that a victorious war cannot be expected to pay a cash dividend. On the contrary the plain facts emerging from two world wars is that after a short period of material suffering the vanquished emerge in a stronger economic position than that of the victors. The victors find themselves in the absurd position, for reasons which appear to be directly in their own interests, of having to finance the recovery of the vanquished and the more complete the physical losses of the enemy the more up-to-date is the new economy which rises from the ashes of defeat. (The late Earl Lloyd George told us that he had come to the conclusion that it was a great mistake to win a total military victory.)

An interesting and recent example on a small scale of this phenomenon is to be seen in the experience of the Kikuyu tribe in Kenya. The other tribes are saying with a deal of reason: "Look at the money and effort which are being expended on social services, rehabilitation, etc., for the Kikuyu. Is it necessary to stage a Mau Mau rebellion in order to receive all these good things?"

An honest answer would be: "Not necessarily, but it might be helpful."

There is another relatively new factor in history which must be taken into account.



We seem to have reached a stage in military evolution in which resistance, both passive and active, of a civilian population which refuses to acknowledge defeat even though its professional forces have been defeated or because it had no conventional forces to be defeated is a new factor in war.

Gandhi's passive resistance campaign in India, the German passive resistance which defeated the French in the Ruhr in the 1920's; the Sinn Fein nationally supported terrorist campaign; the Israel victory over the British mandatory administration; the Algerian struggle; the EOKA movement in Cyprus; the resistance movements against the Nazis, all belong to the new development.

It seems to be of significance that all these "civilian" resistances were part of ideological struggles and illustrated the truth of the saying that one can do most things with bayonets except sit on them.

Tentative conclusions are as follows:

1. We aim to defend an *idea*.
2. There are some grounds for believing that an *idea* can prevail even when the opponents of the *idea* are physically superior and able to occupy the territory of those defending the *idea*.
3. In the modern world a military victory cannot produce an economic dividend. Still less can there be any profit in a military victory obtained by nuclear weapons.

Defense by Extermination

AS MENTIONED ABOVE it is generally taken for granted that the basis of defence against aggression must be military force. We have however reached an unprecedented state of affairs in the evolution of destructive force through the invention of nuclear weapons.

They possess two characteristics which are novel.

The first is that their destructive capacity is so enormous that there is no practical physical means of defence against these weapons. This fact has been self-evident so far as the UK is concerned for several years but is now officially accepted.

The second novel characteristic of these weapons is that each time one of them is tested there is an addition to the pollution of the earth's surface and atmosphere.

Although the whole subject of fall-out and the strontium risk is a matter of scientific controversy there is agreement that if tests were carried out over a long period on a large scale the human race would probably exterminate itself in preparing to defend itself.

The peculiar character of the nuclear weapon has given a very real meaning to the hallowed principle that all nations maintain defence forces for protection against aggression. In the pre-nuclear age it was always said that the purpose of armed forces was to prevent war and there was some truth in the statement but the use of the word "deterrent" and the idea it expresses is a product of the nuclear age. It is insufficiently appreciated that our defence strategy is now based on the belief or hope that an *idea* will be effective and the *idea* can be summarized as follows:

"Nuclear war would be mutual suicide. It is not rational to be suicidal. You—the aggressor—can destroy us but your own destruction will be practically coincidental."

The facts lead to the conclusion that the time-honored theory that defence against physical aggression *must* take the form of physical means has worn very thin and needs to be regarded with much suspicion.

Moreover experience has shown that aggression by the Communist States can also be political and since 1945 this form of aggression has been the most dangerous and insidious. Para. 27 of the White Paper on Defence writes about British responsibilities under the Bagdad Pact to *prevent Communist encroachment and infiltration* and goes on in the same paragraph to refer to *bomber squadrons based in Cyprus capable of delivering nuclear weapons*. The value of nuclear bombardments as a means of preventing (say) a Communist *coup d'état* in Persia is not clear to this writer.

Total Destruction

THERE IS A THEORETICAL or philosophic reason for doubting whether military force is any longer assuredly the best way to counter military aggression of a nuclear type. It is an established principle that to every form of attack there must exist a means of defence. We have now reached a stage in the development of the attack which enables total destruction to be achieved and as it is physically impossible to put the whole of a modern social system 100 feet underground and turn the United Kingdom into a nation

of troglodytes it might seem at first glance that the principle has broken down.

But it seems to have been forgotten that the principle does not say that the answer to an attack must be of *the same order of things as the attack*.

If the answer to a nuclear attack creating total destruction is merely to enlarge the area of destruction nothing of value has been achieved.

If however having reached the *ne plus ultra* of physical attack we are imaginative enough to realise that we have not simultaneously reached the frontiers of human thought we should have no difficulty in moving forward beyond the physical into the psychological.

The Drift to Disaster

THE OBJECT of the new strategy of defence is to change the minds of the men in the Kremlin.

To those that will at once raise the cry that this is asking the impossible the reply must be:

1. They are human beings who have for one reason or another changed their minds on several occasions since 1945.

2. Through the policy of the nuclear deterrent we hope—and some people believe—we are already operating on their minds and influencing their thoughts. If we are not the deterrent idea has failed.

If our strategy should be to change the minds of the men in the Kremlin how is this to be achieved technically? There seem to us to be two broad lines of approach: the direct and indirect.

The direct approach consists in doing things which might make an immediate impact on the minds of the rulers; the indirect approach is composed of policies designed to influence the minds of the masses in the Communist-controlled countries.

At this moment we are disposed to think that as part of our psychological campaign for defence there are strong arguments for considering whether the UK should not announce unilaterally that it will *not* carry out any further tests and that the forthcoming test will be abandoned.

Something dramatic and easily understood by mankind needs to be done to break the deadlock and arrest the drift of disaster.

Do the chiefs of staff really believe that an announcement of this nature would leave the UK more defenceless against nuclear attack than it is at present?

Having taken this step we should use it as the starting point for a tremendous and world-wide educational campaign explaining the horrors of nuclear war, the dangers of tests, etc., and say: "Now you can see why Her Majesty's Government has taken a lead and perhaps risks in this matter."

I picture a sum of £100,000,000 being spent on this propaganda which ought to be an all-party effort. I re-

fuse absolutely to admit that given imagination, energy and funds the great educational campaign should not penetrate beyond the iron curtain.

In this connection and beginning with the satellite States a really great effort (£50,000,000) should be made to increase contacts with the masses in those countries. Every effort should be made to organise exchange visits between young people on a very large scale. We should put as much effort and money for this kind of thing as we do into a nuclear-bomb test.

Conventional Forces

NO DOUBT these ideas will be very startling to many people but we beg and entreat them to remember that we are faced today with the old problem of defence in a completely novel setting.

It is almost as novel as if we woke up some day to find that this world of ours was liable to aggression from another planet. Our present problem is of this novel nature.

The Manchester Guardian wrote on April 15 that "Dependence on the ultimate deterrent is inevitable." It went on to say that the alternative was "conventional forces on a massive scale" or "a fully pacifist policy." A point worth thinking about is that if we succeed in producing some form of standstill in development of nuclear weapons and do *not* succeed in making progress with disarmament in conventional weapons are we likely to be able to persuade the people of the West to stand the racket of "conventional forces on a massive scale"? We doubt it.

What about a fully pacifist policy?

The truth is that this possibility has never been thoroughly examined from a strictly political-strategical angle. The "pacifist" policy has usually been defended from a moral point of view.

I am thinking of a policy which it would be more accurate to call "defence by passive resistance."

I am not saying it would work. I am saying that no one has thoroughly studied its possibilities in the light of the novel and unprecedented defence problem which now faces the UK, Western Europe, and to a lesser extent the USA.

In order to find out some more about this I have reached the conclusion that a Royal Commission should be established with the task of expressing an opinion upon the problem of whether our way of life could be defended by passive resistance and if so what the plan should be. If a Royal Commission is not considered to be the best instrument then a special committee of the Imperial Defence College should be put on to the job.

We have said quite bluntly in the White Paper that we cannot afford our present expenditure on defence. We have made heavy cuts in our conventional forces and transferred our faith to nuclear weapons with all the imponderables and unknowns which go with them.

I remarked to a well-known MP: "Suppose Great Britain only had three air-borne divisions, a few tactical aircraft and a very small navy what would happen apart from the obvious and immense gain to our economy?"

He replied: "My first reflection is that our influence in the world would at once decline"—he paused and added—"at least I suppose it would."

Is this certain? Gandhi's influence rose with the rise of passive resistance; so did that of the African bus boycotters.

Has it or can it be proved that a United Kingdom with an intelligent and sophisticated population educated to regard a national plan of passive resistance as the defence policy of the country would lose influence? I think there is a case for a very thorough investigation of this matter.

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THE SUN STANDS STILL

By magic will
The sun stood still;
To maim and slay,
Old Joshaway
Held up the day.

The silent blah
Of Yehowah,
The vulpine scream
Of Elohim,
Were these a dream?

A savage charm
That upheld arm;
An alien horde
With dripping sword
Thus heiled its Lord.

His chosen band
He promised land,
Wrote our receipt
For self-deceit—
Divine escheat.

We spoil by right
The Canaanite;
To slay, to maim
In our god's name,
There is no shame.

Be careful with
This holy myth;
When men contrive
And nations strive
It comes alive.

A sacred cause
Annuls all laws;
On yonder hill
The sun stands still
That men may kill.

Madefrey Odhams

BY THE DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT

when the bomb was tested

ARTHUR BROWN

ON ST. VALENTINE'S DAY, February 14, 1953, we first learned that we were going to Desert Rock, that most poetically named of Army bases. The middle of the following month there was going to be an "unrestricted", public shot at the AEC test site there in Nevada, to which had been invited all manner of political plenipotentiaries from Washington, the gentlemen of the press, and even a civilian television concern from Los Angeles which would broadcast the explosion to TV viewers across the country.

At the time I was Supply Sergeant of the Headquarters Detachment of the 303rd Signal Service Battalion at Camp San Luis Obispo, California. The 303rd had originally been the Army reserve outfit of the Illinois Bell Telephone Company. When I and one hundred other surplus cryptographers had joined the 303rd early the previous year, it had presented a peculiar amalgam of boy scout camp and country club life. Because some of the privates held positions of greater authority in Illinois Bell than the Commanding Officer of the battalion, and even more because the very purpose of its existence required enforced idleness or at best the most frustrating busy-work on everyone's part, the discipline had been quite unlike that to be expected in a normal Army unit.

Our life, aside from keeping the 303d functioning on paper, consisted of a variety of congenial pastimes. There were endless drunken going-away parties for the men who were daily being discharged from our dwindling numbers. We played chess and bingo. We toured California, rejoicing in its many natural and cultivated beauties and pleasures. We read a great deal—I recall Jane Austen, Georges Bernanos, Alan Paton, Shaw and Fitzgerald from that period.

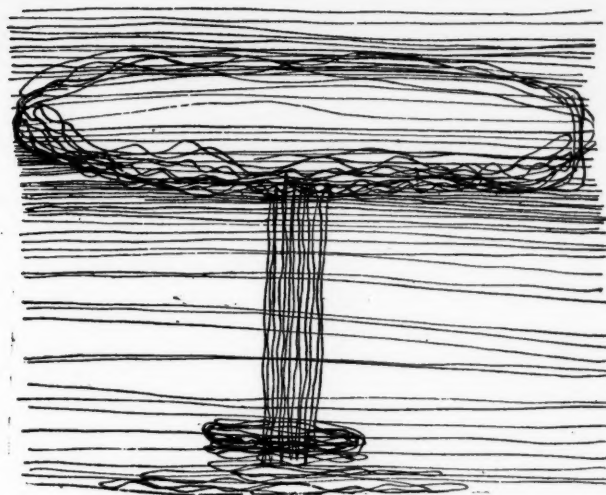
Out of this context a picked group of us spent the end of February and early March preparing to go to Desert Rock. We set up and attended a small teletypewriter school to recoup our speed and accuracy. Under the

command of Lieutenants Alvin and Whiteside we collected the necessary trucks and equipment. Both officers were second lieutenants, but while Alvin was a stodgy man of merely normal endowments, Whiteside was a brilliant impresario with the histrionics of a frustrated cavalry officer. He talked endlessly of the glorious opportunity which awaited us at the Rock, of the undying fame we would win and the noble rewards which would be ours. The result was that when the whole business was over everything was unchanged save that Alvin and Whiteside were first lieutenants.

Dust and Wind

The atomic test site in Nevada is situated in a vast desert area where little grows save sagebrush and Joshua trees. Alternately flat and very hilly, the dusty country is constantly blown by strong, hot winds which keep one permanently bathed with fine, dry grit. Camp Desert Rock is a tent installation seventy miles from Las Vegas, four or five miles from the AEC's Camp Mercury, and twenty miles from the nearest water supply at Indian Springs. The Air Force with characteristic self-interest had established itself right where the water was. The AEC had run a pipeline to Indian Springs for the sake of its highly paid civilian specialists. But the Army's water, what there was of it, was brought in daily in tank trucks.

When after a 500 mile drive we arrived at Desert Rock we were settled into three large squad tents with dirt floors and canvas cots. The dust permeated everything. A fresh, moist piece of bread picked up in the chow line would, by the time one sat down to eat it in the dining tent, be toasted bone hard. Bathing even in cold water, was difficult and rare. Shaving, because of grit, was hazardous. We passed the week avoiding manual labor details, drinking and gambling in Las Vegas at night, and playing chess and cards, mostly pinochle and hearts since everyone was rapidly broke, by day.



The shot, a thirty kiloton atomic device equivalent to those dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, was scheduled for dawn of March 17th, St. Patrick's Day. Some days before our group had been divided into those who were to transmit press releases from the test site and those who were to receive them in Las Vegas. Everyone wanted to be in Vegas, of course, but those of us who had been so foolish as to distinguish our teletyping skills were forced to remain behind.

The shot was to take place in Yucca Flat, a ten mile stretch of nearly perfectly level desert to the north and east of Frenchman's Flat. The observation point for dignitaries and press was situated on a little rise between them not far from the central control point of the whole test project. We were about ten miles from the tower which had the atomic device.

Shortly before midnight we piled into trucks and headed for the site. The AEC guards checked us twice on our way in, and about 1 A.M. we arrived at the observation point. Two or three hours later a steady stream of lesser dignitaries and members of the press began to arrive by car. It is cold in the desert at night, and despite our woolen winter dress uniforms and despite occasional sandwiches and cups of hot coffee, we were chilled and numb long before dawn.

Finally the east began to lighten and with the light came streams of helicopters, big and small, bearing generals, admirals, Congressmen and top AEC and Civilian Defense officials. In addition to the rest of the show, the AEC had provided a model American village of sorts near the shot tower to show CD people what to expect. The helicopters settled round about us, bathing everyone anew in clouds of desert soil. Frantic activity buzzed to a height and the time for the shot came to be minutes away.

Because of the glare of the fireball, direct observers were given goggles so opaque that the full noonday sun shown therethrough only as the palest of disks. We were directed to stand behind the vans of equipment, to face away from the shot and to cover our closed eyes with our arms.

The Bomb Explodes

AT LAST the moment arrived and the voice over the loudspeaker system sounded off the last ten seconds. "Ten ... nine ... eight ... seven ... six ... five ... four ... three ... two ... one ... zero." In dead silence the sky everywhere brightened fiercely and we saw red through lids and arms. Slowly the brightness faded and we just had time to run around from behind the van to see the cloud building up before the shock wave arrived through the air with a roaring crack, rocking us on our feet.

I had been assigned to handle exclusively the communiqués of the Associated Press correspondent. Almost

before the mushroom had fully blossomed I was summoned in haste, given a sheaf of typewritten MS and sent to work. I wearily climbed into the van and began stiffly poking out the first of many reams of releases. Soon the other operators began to work and before long our operation was going hot and heavy.

It was noon, when I had cut what seemed like many hundreds of yards of AP tapes and sent them through the transmitter, before someone came up with the information that the AP releases had not even begun to come through! The transmission channel reserved for me had gone flooey and garbled everything. My tapes were examined, some of them were cut over again, all were transmitted anew, but too late. AP had been scooped by everyone! AP raised such hell about it in Washington that the Commanding General of the Signal Corps instituted an investigation and everyone from the Post Commander of Desert Rock to poor quivering Whiteside had to make explanations. Apparently no blame was attached to Whiteside, however, for he got his promotion anyway.

Fun in the Desert

After the test our daily life settled into a simple routine. Since we were administrative personnel we were not troubled by such inconveniences as reveille, and apart from nominal duties, our time was given over to chess, whist and playing with the Supply Sergeant's personal hunting dog. At night we would syphon five or ten gallons of gas out of one of the trucks in the motor pool and drive into Vegas to take in the shows and lose a little more money. On weekends we made excursions to Lake Mead or climbed Charleston Peak up out of the dusty desert into cool pine trees and glorious heavenly snow. We managed to shave two or three times a week. We were almost never able to take more than one shower a week, and that cold, but we got used to being gritty all the time and could forget it.

Amusements at Camp Desert Rock were limited or nonexistent. Beer there was, of a warmish kind, but a beer euphoria is no match for a desert depression. There were occasional movies shown in a quonset hut which held perhaps 1% of the enlisted personnel on post, but they had to be awfully good to compensate for the hard plank backless benches. Sometimes on Thursday afternoons one of the shows from Vegas would come out and pluckily perform for us on an open stage in the punishing sun and relentless wind. Gloria Paul, one of the regular Vegas strippers, came out one afternoon. She couldn't dance or sing or act or smile, except faintly, or even strip with any real artistry, but she had a magnificent body, and that was entertainment enough at Desert Rock. Too much, perhaps.

Every week or so a new bunch of several thousand men, Marines, paratroopers, infantry, would be brought

in from across the country to witness a shot from trenches about two miles away, advance to within a safe distance of the mushroom, and thus gain both familiarity with and respect for this greatest of weapons.

Two Miles Away

THOSE OF US who were permanent Desert Rock personnel had occasion to witness many atomic explosions, mostly from a distance of forty or fifty miles. One day our CO asked me if I had ever seen a shot from the trenches two miles away. When I said I had not, he urged me not to miss so unforgettable an experience, and I, though I felt myself thoroughly blasé by that time, was indeed intrigued by the prospect. I went through the red tape involved in getting another security badge and on April 24th, I was ready to go out to the trenches.

I had no real official business out there, but as an excuse I was given the slight task of driving a light weapons carrier with the switchboard back from the site after the shot was over. At eleven o'clock the evening before, we headed out to Frenchman's Flat.

Our trench was a depression ten feet deep at its lowest point, about twelve feet across and perhaps fifteen yards long, scooped out by a bulldozer. In the center was the switchboard, one of many in the area. We settled down to wait.

Long before dawn all the troops were in place and accounted for. Shortly after dawn the loudspeaker system began giving final warning and instruction. The shot, again a thirty kiloton device, was minutes away.

We crouched at the bottom of the deepest part of the trench, on the side nearest the blast. At this distance the greatest danger was the immense radiant heat of the fireball and everything possible was done to keep out of its direct rays. We pulled up our hoods, covered ourselves with tarpaulins, shut our eyes, and put our arms up to protect eyes and face. By this time we were

so tired, cold and miserable that it seemed nothing could be impressive any more.

"Ten ... nine ... eight ... seven ... six ... five ... four ... three ... two ... one ... zero." In absolute silence we again saw bright red through lids, arms, hoods and tarpaulins. But this time with it a scorching heat intenser than the hottest summer noon beat soundlessly upon us. It passed and we dared open our eyes just a crack to peek. Then, still in utter silence, the whole trench began to swing gently back and forth rather like a hammock as the earth shock wave preceded the one in the air. Behind it, rushing at a rate close to the speed of sound, came a mile high wall of dust, pebbles and stones—the shock wave in the air. Its impact deafened us for several minutes thereafter, it rained rocks and detritus so earnestly upon us we feared despite our steel helmets and tarpaulins, and it tore open the hood of the colonel's staff car. It was a cyclone, hurricane, duststorm and earthquake rolled into one. In psychological time this took perhaps an hour to occur. Its chronological time was perhaps ten seconds. When we stopped gagging and could begin, a quarter of an hour later, to see a little through the dust, we saw that Joshua trees as much as three hundred yards further than our trench from the blast were still burning lustily, ignited by the fireball more than two miles away.

It took us an hour to drive back to camp. The officer at the radioactivity check point said, after a ten minute examination, that we only showed 15 milliroentgens of radioactivity and that we should wash the truck and brush off the equipment but that we were in no danger. With the indifference of utter exhaustion we submitted to the scrutiny of the security guards. When we got back to camp and were approaching our company parking lot I made a sudden left hand turn off the road almost directly in front of a rapidly approaching MP jeep. Why there was no collision I do not know. Why the MPs did not stop and give me hell I cannot guess.

ATOMIC REFLECTIONS

I generously hope that nations
All will have their own space stations,
I also hope they'll move the place
For having wars to outer space.

It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining atomized debris,
In every dimpled drop I see
Radioactivity.

Ann Morisett

**inscription engraved on monument
to first victim
of the h-bomb**

*You little fisherman,
we do not know whether you had merits.
But worries you had just as we have;
Just as we, somewhere you had the graves of your parents,
somewhere at the edge of the waters a wife waiting for you,
somewhere you had a home and children running to greet you.
In spite of all your worries
you loved to be there.
Just as we do. And right you were, Aikichi Kuboyama,
you little fisherman, Aikichi Kuboyama,
though your name sounds alien to us and does not indicate any merit,
we want to learn this name by heart for our short span of life,
Aikichi Kuboyama.
As the word for our shame,
Aikichi Kuboyama.
As a warning trumpet,
Aikichi Kuboyama.
But also,
Aikichi Kuboyama, as the name of our hopes;
whether you were only the first one to die, or
whether you died only for us, vicariously,
only on us this will depend, even still today
only on us, your brethren,
Aikichi Kuboyama.*

NOTE: Aikichi Kuboyama was one of a group of Japanese fishermen severely burned by radioactive fallout when the U.S. exploded an experimental H-Bomb in March, 1954. After seven months of living death, he died on September 23, 1954.

A very important anniversary was recorded in August and it did not lack notice in the papers and journals of America. It was ten years ago on August 6 that the first atomic bomb was dropped on the city of Hiroshima in Japan. During the last few days we have been reading with interest the various commemorative pieces—full of drama and suffering, with some fear still, and a little foreboding. They were serious and impressive but something was missing in them all.

No one had dared to speak of GUILT. Isn't it about time, now, ten years later, to try to be honest with ourselves and face up to the terrible implications of what we once caused to happen. The greatest single act of human destruction in the history of the world must be placed on our doorstep—and we did it a second time at Nagasaki the next day as if to show that it was no accident. No barbarian in the history of man ever snuffed out human life more wantonly, or with such speedy effectiveness. In a triumph of technology did we blow out the small spark of conscience?

If any other nation had committed this crime every map made by man for a hundred years would edge its boundaries in black to record its infamy. But this is the richest and most powerful nation on earth, with the highest standard of living, with the widest educational opportunities; this is a time of heady prosperity and immeasurable progress; America stands at the top of the world in men, material and arms. Who will accuse her? The dreadful pity is that she still refuses to accuse herself.

It is possible of course to make excuses for Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Did they not hasten the end of the war? Did they not actually save American lives and prevent months of suffering even for the Japanese? . . .

But when all the excuses are heard and all the circumstances weighed, we still murdered in one single flash tens of thousands of innocent people who were unwarned, and unprotected. Can we think that God will not ask us to answer for this? So many other things were possible for us. We could have dropped it on some lonely island showing the enemy its power and demanding surrender. Or we could have saved it for some totally military target. But we chose two populous cities and we destroyed them both in what historians may one day call the most reprehensible military decision of all time.

The supreme tragedy of this moment—a decade later—is that we still refuse to strike our breasts and acknowledge our sin. Some people describe present American aid around the globe in terms of a response to the guilt we unconsciously feel for the crime of using the atomic bomb. If it is so, it is not enough. We must first accuse ourselves, acknowledge our crimes even if done in blindness, and only after the purification of self-accusation, may we set out to repair what we have destroyed. We cannot buy back our innocence with all the gold in Fort Knox . . .

It is easy to say that this was a decision which was not made by the American people but by a very few of its leaders and made in a moment of anxiety and desperation. If this is true, we must at least admit that we all seemed to condone it, for the American people never denounced the decision or called its makers to account. The nation would be appalled even today if an international tribunal should suggest that those who decided to drop the bomb should be called to some new Nuremberg to answer for it. But God is not mocked! We must wonder, however, how long He will wait for our repentance.

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official organ of the
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PUERTO RICO and the BOMB

RUTH M. REYNOLDS

IN MARCH, 1945, the United States Senate Committee on Territories and Insular Affairs held open hearings, announced well in advance, on the Tydings Bill for Puerto Rico's independence. During the week that this session of hearings lasted, only one witness appeared in opposition to the proposed measure. This witness was Captain G. B. Parks, representing the Chief of Naval Operations of the United States Navy. He presented his testimony in less than five minutes, but in retrospect it appears to have been decisive. He said:

"The Chief of Naval Operations' interest in this bill to grant independence to Puerto Rico stems solely from the viewpoint of national security. Due to its location and size, Puerto Rico is of great strategic value as a site for a naval operating base. In the earlier days of the present war, the Navy expanded its holdings on Puerto Rico, and built many new facilities. When the submarine menace had been overcome and the German surface fleet was safely blockaded, construction was stopped on many facilities that had been approved for that area.

"In peacetime, the completed facilities will be used to maintain and support the training of the task force that will be located in the Caribbean. In future wars, we desire to be able to expand the naval facilities in Puerto Rico sufficiently to provide the necessary support to a fleet large enough to deny the approach of any threat from the south or east. The amount of expansion desired will depend upon the type and size of the threat to be met. The amount and type of facilities that the Navy may need in Puerto Rico cannot be foreseen now.

"For that reason, the Chief of Naval Operations is opposed to any bill for Puerto Rico independence that provides only for the retention of naval and military reservations, and does not also provide for the right of expansion of naval and military facilities, and the selection of new sites at any time in the future, if necessary to the national security. *The United States must be the sole judge of its own future military requirements in this area.*" (Italics ours.)

And so it was. Two months later, before that same committee, Luis Munoz Marin, perennial Popular Party President and present Governor of Puerto Rico, who had won overwhelming electoral majorities on a platform of independence and social reform, declared himself and the Legislature as opposed to independence, even though a majority of the members of the Legislature had twice sent cablegrams endorsing the Tydings Bill. He forthwith instituted purges of all leaders who refused to conform to his reversal of party line. Meanwhile the Tydings Bill died in committee, and with it died the danger that Puerto Ricans might participate in judging the

United States' military needs in their homeland. Under the present Federal Relations Act, frequently credited with providing full liberty for the "Associated Free State", the United States continues to be the sole judge of its military requirements in this area, Puerto Ricans continuing to have neither voice nor vote in the matter.

Turning Plowshares into Guided Missiles

THE UNITED STATES' needs, according to its own judgment, have proved voracious. At present more than 80,000 acres, or 4% of the island's total area, much of it consisting of prize farm and grazing lands, are controlled by the United States armed forces. Puerto Rican dissatisfaction is universal. Even Governor Munoz Marin, prime exponent of the doctrine that whatever Washington does is right, prostrated himself before the Defense Department in May, 1956 to plead that the Department re-examine its needs and return whatever land it can, since in densely populated Puerto Rico every square inch of soil must be put to economic use. At the other end of the power scale, as the present writer sees it, the Nationalists, imprisoned and silenced since 1950, continue to symbolize the determination that the United States military occupation shall end and Puerto Rico shall be truly free.

But productive acreage withdrawn from economic use is not the only evil effect of our armed forces' unrestricted powers. Far more alarming is the precarious state in which the Puerto Rican populace lives because of our extensive military holdings and the use for which they are intended. Only recently, Commander L. W. Van Antwerp of the United States Navy revealed why Ensenada de Ceiba and half of Vieques were hastily expropriated in 1939 for the construction of the huge Roosevelt Roads Naval Base even before the United States' entry into war. "At that time", he said, "Great Britain was in imminent danger of losing the British Isles, and was trying to secure a port that could provide a haven for its fleet in case of an invasion. Roosevelt Roads Station was constructed for this purpose during the administration of President Roosevelt, but England survived and the British Fleet never reached the base which had been prepared for it in Puerto Rico." (*El Imparcial*, February 9, 1957). Although the British West Indies, inhabited by allegedly loyal British subjects, are also located in the Caribbean, and the sun never sets on the British Dominions, it was Puerto Rico, a colony

of the United States, which was selected without consultation to serve as refuge for the British Navy, and hence as primary victim of the horrors of war, had they reached the Western Hemisphere.

Puerto Rico's peril did not end with the termination of the Second World War, nor yet with the establishment of the Associated Free State. Admiral Gallery, recently named Commander of the Tenth Naval District, with Headquarters at San Juan, announced in January of this year that Roosevelt Roads shall now be converted into a strategic guided-missile base. Work enlarging it for this purpose has already begun. This development, of course, converts Puerto Rico into an inevitable atomic aviation target of any military power fighting the United States.

For Puerto Rico, thirty-six miles wide and one hundred miles long, atomic bombardment means annihilation.

As a group of university students pointed out in protesting this situation to American atomic scientists meeting in Puerto Rico early this year to discuss the peaceful uses of atomic energy: "It is not the first time in history that military necessity requires the sacrifice of a garrison, or of a city . . . But never in history, in the name of military necessities of any nation, has the complete disappearance of another people been required, as is now being required of Puerto Rico."

When viewed from this perspective, Puerto Rico's complete independence from the United States ceases to be the narrow nationalistic anachronism so many liberals consider it; it ceases to be the idealistic but economically impracticable vision pictured in the popular press; it becomes instead the indispensable prerequisite to any promise of survival at all.

OPEN LETTER TO DR. WILLARD F. LIBBY Atomic Energy Commission, Washington, D. C.

Dear Dr. Libby,

I am aware that you have no doubt received many profound, unemotional and highly scientific letters refuting your stand on the possible risk of fallout. This letter will be strikingly different packed with emotion.

I am the mother of two small children and as such I believe I have the right to question the low value you place upon their lives. For Dr. Libby, I do not choose that they be a possible victim of your "small risk".

Your statements so appal me that I can not help but wonder what manner of man you are. My curiosity leads me to ask if you have a family surely there are those you love. Have you never felt the shock of a needless death?

You say fallout poses but a small risk why don't you go on to explain just what this means explain that small risk may mean in the neighborhood of 10,000 deaths from leukemia alone 10,000 persons dead who would be alive but for H-bomb fallout that someone now reading this letter may very well suffer death from fallout. If man is bent on destroying himself let it not be from stupid refusal to admit the facts.

These innocent people must die, you explain, in order that we have the comfort of military superiority. This line of thinking would also permit the Army to line up 10,000 people against a wall and shoot them down in order to test a new machine gun

It is not unreasonable to believe that both Russia and the US now have within their reach the means with which to wipe out life as we know it. Bomb testing is not our defense it is our bluff, and in the event of nuclear war we will not spend time bluffing we will simply wipe life off this planet. It is easy as all that, and though I hope that man will use his intellect and avert this total disaster I would nevertheless prefer this to dooming our children to slow and painful death in the name of national defense.

To set off H-bombs means certain death to thousands of people. Is this to be the objective of the free world and what kind of freedom is this?

Shirley Hodson
Klamath Falls, Oregon

NOT SO LONG AGO

the Autobiography of **A. J. MUSTE**

PART 2: THE FIRST JOURNEY

A SHORT TIME AFTER the advent of the era of nuclear weapons referred to in the preceding chapter, I wrote, with the eye of imagination fixed upon the physical and psychological evils the scientists, military men and politicians were releasing on mankind: "This is the terror by night, the arrow that flieth by day, the pestilence that stalketh in the darkness, the destruction that wasteth at noonday. This is the abomination of desolation, the great tribulation such as hath not been seen from the beginning of the world until now. This perchance is the Beast of the Apocalypse, who seemed to the ecstatic seer to be leopard, bear, lion and dragon in one, after whom the whole earth wondered and worshipped in terror, crying, 'Who is like unto the Beast? And who is able to war with him?'"

Of the role of the United States in launching this apocalyptic horror upon the world, I wrote at that time: "It has fallen upon this 'Christian' nation, incessantly declaiming against the perpetrator of atrocities, and still doing so, to perpetrate the ultimate atomic atrocity—needlessly*—and so to remove all restraint upon atrocity. This is the logic of the atrocious means. With fatal precision the means in war become more destructive, both of physical life and of moral standards and spiritual values."

As I write now in the summer of 1957, I find no reason to change anything in these sentences. The world is all too obviously confronted with the threat of mass annihilation, the poisoning of its air, water, soil and food supplies, perhaps the initiation of mutations which will produce repulsive physical and mental deformities in our children's children, if there be any such. Thus in this summer of 1957 I am occupied with problems relating to the attitude of the churches toward nuclear war as that attitude may find expression in meetings of the Central Committee of the World Council of Churches at New Haven; with plans for Gandhian action at the

nuclear testing grounds in Nevada when the Hiroshima anniversary rolls around, with hot discussion as to what the ferment in the Communist movement throughout the world may mean for peace and the possibility of a free society on earth, if maintenance of peace makes such a society at least a possibility.

Since I am trying to write an autobiography, the question that intrigues me at the moment is: What is the connection between me today and the baby who was born early in January of 1885 in a small town named Zierikzee in the province of Zeeland in the Netherlands, to whom his parents, Martin Muste and Adriana Jonker, gave the sonorous name Abraham Johannes?

My mother more than once in later years remarked that during the first year of my existence I cried virtually without interruption all day but slept like a top all night. This was a pattern which I have in some sense followed most of my life, since I am usually sounding off about something a good part of every day and practically never have any trouble about sleeping at night.

As for Zierikzee, when in later years I went back to the Netherlands and told Dutch friends, in answer to their questions, that I was born in Zierikzee, they invariably exclaimed: "Not Zierikzee!" and then let go with a hearty laugh. It seems that Zierikzee is a sort of equivalent of our Podunk. There is in fact a popular song in the Dutch night clubs, the chorus of which starts with "I was born in Zierikzee." It sounds much more tuneful and jocular in Dutch than in English.

The Scenes of My Childhood

MY GENERAL IMPRESSION of my early childhood is that it was a happy one—I do not have any conscious memories of extreme terror or desolation such as many children experience. The half dozen incidents during the six years before we emigrated which are vivid in my memory and which I relive whenever I think of them are not of that kind, though one of them, as I shall presently relate, was poignant and very painful. If I went to school in those years or was taken to church or taught to say my prayers, I don't remember it.

My father was a coachman to a family belonging to the provincial nobility. It was part of his job to bring porridge early in the morning from a communal kitchen, where some food was prepared for well-to-do families.

* Needless in the sense that the Germans had not come anywhere near producing an atomic weapon, and some of the leading German physicists, including Otto Hahn himself, were deliberately steering research under the Nazis away from that objective. Needless also in the sense that the war against Japan had been for practical purposes won before the bombs were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, so that there was no desperate last ditch situation to render plausible, by ordinary military standards, resort to a desperate measure.

to the home of his employer. When his other duties made this difficult, I was commandeered, at the age of five, or possibly earlier, to fetch the porridge in the morning twilight to the back door of what seemed to me a palace. There was a feeling of considerable but not too intense excitement associated with having to find my way from home to communal kitchen to the palatial residence in the semi-darkness of winter mornings, carrying what was for me a fairly heavy container.

There is a delectable memory of going to some body of water frozen over in winter, watching the skaters in what seemed to me lovely dances, and drinking a cup of hot chocolate at a stand on the shore.

Altogether unexpectedly on a morning in early spring, hastening home from some errand, I came upon what seemed to me—and indeed has ever since—more like a painting by a Flemish, Italian or Spanish artist than a real life scene. Seated on a low projection against the wall of a red brick house drenched in sunshine was a black haired, very dark skinned mother, probably a gypsy, nursing a baby at her breast, with a boy of about two, very dark and therefore exotic to me, yet attractive and handsome, standing at her side and leaning against her. The combination of the mother, the children, the soothing warmth, the bright sunlight out of a blue sky, stirred a deep sensuous delight. I think I can also make out that there was a sort of revelation that people can be strange and in a sense terrifying—where had they come from and what were they up to and where was the man?—yet somehow beautiful and not really terrifying.

It may well have been the same spring, at Easter or Whitsuntide, my mother sent me out with my older sister, a year my senior, dressed in our Sunday best, to promenade around a square in the more fashionable part of the town, through the middle of which of course ran a canal. I was carrying a little cane. I have no recollection of getting prepared for the promenade, which must have been quite an operation, or of the walk to that square, or how we got home. But the sensation of being at a certain point in that square, a young gentleman with his sister at his side, properly equipped with a cane, and so “belonging” to “society” was so vivid that thirty years later when I first revisited Holland I was able to go back unerringly to that exact spot.

A St. Nicholas Day eve stands out in my memory. We had really only one room to live in, with alcoves off that room for sleeping purposes. There was a staircase at one side leading to an attic which we never used. Santa Claus was to come down this staircase. Father, my sister and I were in the room, expectantly waiting. Mother was not there, which was, of course, very unusual. As it lies in my memory, there was a kind of understanding that Santa Claus would turn out to be mother and it was this, and not some untoward occasion, which accounted for her absence. Could one

be sure, however, that Santa Claus would really come and not skip us and at the same time that mother would turn out to be Santa Claus so that we would not be without her and she would enjoy the feast with us? Presently, there was some commotion on the stair and some baked concoctions, which we called “pepper nuts”—actually they were spiced with cinnamon—began rolling down the stairs and we pounced upon them. Then Santa Claus himself came stomping down the stairs distributing gifts. He left by the front door and in a moment or two mother came back laughing happily. It was a most stimulating and yet soothing sensation to have a real Santa Claus and a real mother at the same time and in the same person.

The Stricken Bird

THE ONLY OTHER incident of this period which I recall vividly, apart from the walk on the dike to which I referred in an earlier chapter, is of a very different character. Not long before we emigrated to America, someone gave me a pet bird. We had it only an hour or so when somehow it got out of the cage we had improvised for it. It was in a long, narrow room with a counter running along one side. It had been used as a store before we moved in but was now empty, not being suitable for living purposes. The back door led into our living room, the front door was on the street. There was excitement among the children in the neighborhood when it was known that the bird was flying about in the room. My special playmate from across the street, in his excitement, opened the front door just a crack to have a better view of the bird darting about the room. The bird, of course, flew straight for the crack. The boy instinctively pulled the door shut, but a split second too late. The bird was caught in the door, and when he opened the door again to release the trapped bird, it fell crushed and dead at our feet.

For a moment I was furious and wanted to lash out at my playmate. Then everything else was blotted out by grief over the stricken bird, pity for the creature hurt, the creature that had lived and lived no more.

I do not know what relation, if any, there may be between this incident and the reaction of my whole childish being toward it, and the pacifist convictions of my later years. It is often said that pacifism or conscientious objection to war is based upon a literalistic use of the command. “Thou shalt not kill”, as if it were an order from outside oneself, an easy rule with which to dispose of a complex problem. There have been pacifists of whom that could be said. But is there not behind the commandment of stone or of paper a command written on the heart and issuing from the heart’s own awareness of the preciousness, the wonder of all life and the consequent irrationality and pity of anything that wounds and mutilates a living creature and needlessly

snuffs out its life, which issues in that "reverence for life" to which Albert Schweitzer has summoned this generation so horribly addicted to violence?

It was years after the stricken bird lay at my feet that I came to know the lines which A. E. (George Russell), the Irish poet, wrote about one of the goddesses in the old Gaelic pantheon. He has her say about herself:

I am the heartbreak over fallen things,
The sudden gentleness that stays the blow,
And I am in the kiss that foemen give
Pausing in battle; and in the tears that fall
Over the vanquished foe; and in the highest
Among the Danaan gods I am the last counsel
Of mercy in their hearts, when they mete judgment
From a thousand starry thrones.

This is by no means the only place in great literature where we encounter descriptions of the inner commandment of compassion. It is at the heart of the Christian and Buddhist gospels. It is to be found in such unexpected places as the *Iliad*, as Simone Weil* reminds us: "The purest triumph of love, the crowning grace of war, is the friendship that floods the hearts of mortal enemies. Before it the distance between benefactor and suppliant, between victor and vanquished, shrinks to nothing." Whereupon she quotes the passage in which Priam and Achilles talk and gaze upon each other, until "they were satisfied with contemplation of each other". To these matters we shall return more than once in future installments.

First Journey into the Unknown

IT WAS ABOUT THE TIME of the incident ending in the death of the pet bird that life in our family entered a period of continuous excitement. Four of my mother's brothers had in the period before or just after my birth moved their families to the United States. They had been poorly paid agricultural laborers in Zeeland. They had not taken up farming in America, but small businesses—groceries, drugs, scrap metal—in Grand Rapids, Michigan, where in the decades since 1847 thousands of Hollanders had settled. All four of them had done fairly well and were making a much better living than would have been possible in the Netherlands at that time.

Having achieved a measure of security for themselves, they considered the plight of their youngest and favorite sister, my mother, and one of them paid us a visit and proposed that our family emigrate. The brothers were ready to finance the trip. I know from conversations that took place after we had settled in this country that the two arguments against undertaking the venture that weighed most heavily with my parents were leaving the

country of their birth and of their fathers, and a doubt as to whether they would ever be able to pay back the (to them) huge loan which my uncles were prepared to make.

All that I remember, however, of the weeks before we embarked on the journey is the atmosphere of excitement that prevailed in which anxiety on the part especially of my mother played a large part, but which was nevertheless somehow welcome. From that time dates my awareness of the fact that I was the oldest child and that an effort was being made to make me understand what my two sisters and my brother were too young to be taken in on, namely that we were entering on a hazardous journey, an awesome undertaking. This was accompanied by a feeling that, although I was a child, I also partly belonged with my parents in carrying responsibility for the younger children.

Suddenly one afternoon in January 1891 what I remember only as noise, loud talk, seemingly endless running about of neighbors, a journey into darkness took place. We moved out of our house and somehow got to a dock where lay a great steamer which I took for granted was to take us to America. Here I was again engulfed by noise and by people who towered high above me and were perpetually shoving us around—where to I do not recall. I hear whistles, the rattling of chains. I am aware the boat is moving. No doubt I slept.

The boat was actually a small steamer plying the waters which surround the islands which compose the province of Zeeland. It did not take us to America but to Rotterdam. I do not recall the debarking from the small steamer but somehow by that time I had become accustomed in large measure to an environment which was very different from the small town, the quiet streets and the still quieter home in which I had spent my childhood. The sense of a continuous buzzing in my little head which had dominated the day before was gone. I could distinguish sounds; there were many more people than I had ever seen before but they were no longer looming hulks; I could distinguish between them; their hurrying about no longer seemed aimless. I was in a city; I was in the big world; and I was less afraid than excited. I liked to be there.

We embarked on an old Holland-America Line steamer named Obdam which took nearly two weeks in a stormy January to reach Hoboken. We travelled, of course, in the steerage. Families staked out preserves for themselves on the platforms, one above another, which served as beds. Those who were near the wall, as we were, climbed over the families between them and the aisle when occasion arose. Occasionally soup was passed out, but the migrants had brought their own supplies of bread and cheese with them, and in some instances cakes, which they occasionally shared with families

* *The Iliad, or The Poem of Force*, which appeared in the November 1945 issue of Dwight MacDonald's *Politics*, and is now available as a Pendle Hill pamphlet.

like ours who had no cakes. Again, it was all new experience; it was adventure and it was to my liking.

There was only one qualification. Mother became ill. Early in the voyage she was removed to the ship's hospital. A vivid memory is of one of the last days of the journey. The storm had abated. My father took me on the deck with him. The ship was still rolling. The sky was not yet clear. The ocean was a blur. We made our way to a window, where my mother's face appeared. We could converse a little. She was not too ill to smile. There was a feeling that everything was going to be all right. It must have dominated the hours that followed very powerfully, because I have not been able to bring to the surface any definite memories of the end of the voyage or the debarkation in Hoboken or the transfer to a hospital on an island in New York harbor, where we were kept for nearly a month because mother was still not well enough to undertake the journey to Grand Rapids.

Here the photograph on the plate of memory becomes clear again. Mother is in one wing of the building. Father and the children are in another, but we know she is near by. The harbor is beautiful. Here I consciously experience for the first time the sensation of the beauty of scenery composed of water, island, and shore. Little tugboats ceaselessly plied the blue waters and left a white wake. We called them "doctors' boats", because it was in a tug that a doctor came each day to see the patients on our island.

Inside the hospital there was delicious food and more than enough of it. There were corridors in which to play and as far as my recollection goes our play was uninhibited. We had, however, been strictly brought up, and I am quite confident we were not noisy.

Introduction to the American Dream

IN OUR SECTION of the hospital there was an attendant, whose name was John. We did not understand his English, nor he our Dutch, but we were friends. John learned that my first name was Abraham. So when he appeared in the morning he said, "Hello, Abraham Lincoln", and when he left in the evening it was, "Goodnight, Abraham Lincoln".

We did not know whether Abraham Lincoln was the name of a gadget, a town, or a person dead or alive. It was natural that one of the things we did when we got settled in Michigan was to find out. So it came about that early in life I began to read everything by and about Lincoln that I could lay my hands on. I learned about the boy studying by the light of the hearth in the log cabin. I followed him on the trip down the Mississippi River and heard him say when he saw a slave sold on the block at New Orleans: "By God, if ever I get a chance to hit that thing, I'll hit it and hit it hard".

Early I learned to chant: "Four score and seven years

ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

In time I learned, of course, about certain distinctions between Lincoln the myth and Lincoln the human being, between the "American Dream" and the reality. Nevertheless, being called "Abraham Lincoln" by John on the island in New York harbor, and passing my youth in Michigan, next door to Illinois, not far from Springfield, in the 1890's when the economy of the Middle West was of course pretty far removed from that of 1865 but when the Middle West in its own imagination and feeling still lived in the days of John Brown, the Emancipation Proclamation, the martyred President—all this is part of my inmost being.

There came a morning when mother was well and we all got into the "doctor's boat" and were taken to Castle Garden, which was then the immigrant station, at Battery Park, New York. A later generation knew the building as the Aquarium.

Father left for Hoboken to reclaim the baggage which had been left in storage there. We waited for his return anxiously as the day wore on. What might not have happened to him in this strange land? May it have been a mistake to undertake this journey into the unknown? But no; toward evening father returned, the business taken care of.

Then we were on a train—all night and all the next day and because of February fog and rain not much lighter in the day than in the night. I was sick on the train as I had not been on the ocean.

Then we stood on the platform, in the late afternoon, of the Grand Trunk Railway station in the east end of Grand Rapids, where I lived for a dozen years, my parents for over four decades, my sisters to this day. Uncles and cousins are there to greet us. In a pouring rain we drive in a carriage to the home of an uncle. The rain is not as important as the carriage: in America even ordinary people may have their own carriages and are not confined to being someone's coachman if they want to ride and not walk.

Now we are in a warm, brightly lighted room at the home of an uncle. We are eating supper. My mother laughs happily at her brother's jokes. This I recall but also that there were cousins, girls a few years older than I, who make much of me. By that time the younger children were probably sound asleep. The cousins told me the English words for "table", "chair" and so on; and were delighted when I imitated them precisely. They made me feel that I was the Traveler they had been waiting for.

So the first journey into the unknown had a happy ending. The new country was livable, hospitable, even exciting.

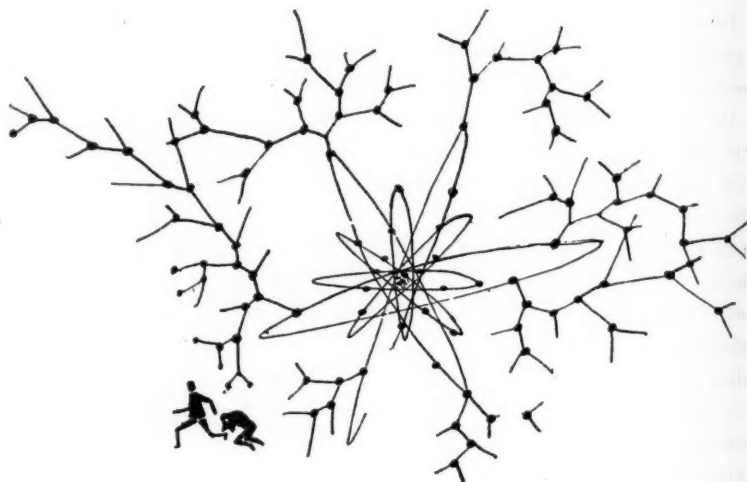
To be continued in next issue.

RELIGION, FREEDOM, AND PEACE

In addition to an unusually large number of letters praising our Religion issue (cf. May LIBERATION), we received several longer statements from which we have excerpted the following.

It will be noted that the authors come to diametrically opposed conclusions as to the role of "religion" in the two major aspirations of our day—for human freedom and for peace. All, however, unite in attacking the function of conventional religion.

We also include an impressive statement by a young conscientious objector whose religion led him to reject both war and the right of the state to tamper with human freedom by extending special privileges to those it considers religious.



HUMAN FREEDOM:

I. RELIGION IS THE ENEMY

DON CALHOUN

IT IS AN IRONICAL sign of our times that a magazine dedicated to the cause of human freedom can devote an entire issue to the greatest institution for enslavement in the world, and at no point voice any fundamental criticism of that institution.

The May issue of LIBERATION reports from Koinonia community, the Billy Graham crusade, the campus, and the Quaker and Jewish religious fronts. The writers criticize the superficiality of the religious beliefs and practices of many people. They deplore the absence of a real social message in the Graham movement. But the criticism is directed against what they believe to be the wrong *kind* of religion. The implication is that more of the right kind would implement the things for which LIBERATION stands.

I think someone should say that it is not a question of whether religion is of the right or wrong kind; that religion is, in its essence, a weapon of exploitation and enslavement; that it is, in fact, from religion that all the other exploitative and authoritarian institutions draw their primary strength.

The religious attitude is the core from which all authoritarian submission and degradation of the human spirit spring.

The unspoiled human being feels a sense of natural oneness with his universe. The infant's original relationship to his world is one of interdependent unity—first in his mother's womb, then at her breast. As he grows older, he learns to regard his world of objects and persons as separate from himself, but not as alien to himself. He experiences a natural joy in exploring the physical world about him, and in utilizing it for his satisfaction. He finds spontaneous satisfaction in relationships with other people, whose highest culmination is sexual union and release in a love relationship. He experiences an immediate pleasure in his own body, and a confidence in his own powers. This natural relationship to universe, to others, to self, is the basis for all real happiness, cooperation and freedom.

Religion teaches the individual to distrust all spontaneous impulses, desires, relationships, pleasures. It teaches him that the greatest sin is self-assertion and pride in self; the greatest virtue, self-denial. It furnishes the rationale by which parents and culture check a child's inquisitiveness and suppress his sexuality. It alienates a person from the world around him, and from himself. As this repression becomes "second nature," entrenching itself in his psychology and in his muscles

lature, it destroys his confidence and turns him against himself. "All instincts," said Nietzsche, "which do not find a vent outward turn inward."

As the child loses confidence in his powers, he acquires a deep sense of helplessness and guilt, of being forever threatened by a hostile universe. Religion enables him partially to counteract this through the myth of a savior wise and powerful enough to deal with the threat.

This God-fantasy is not only the basis for religious experience. It is the basis for the religious person's fundamental attitude toward all authority.

He tends to invest the State and its representatives with the godlike qualities of omniscience, omnipotence, total rightness. Military life raises to its highest point the submission to authority which he learned in the church. (The military is pretty willing to recognize the conscientious objector who pleads "religious training and belief," for it knows he has made the fundamental submission to authority; it is only the secular C.O. whom it regards as a real threat.) Transferred to his work life, the religious attitude makes a person submissive to economic exploitation. Even if he revolts, he cannot do so as a free person. His protest organizations must also be molded on the religious pattern: dominated by leaders upon whom he projects the qualities of God.

At this point, I know that a rejoinder somewhat like this will be forthcoming: What you have said may well be true, but you are not really talking about the essence of religion. True religion is the quest for love, justice, freedom, community. It is the religion of Jesus rather than of Jahweh. If it has often been allied with tyranny and reaction, it is only by historical accident. If you

want to see real religion at work, look at Gandhi, look at Koinonia, look at Montgomery. Look at the founder of Christianity.

Well, let us look at Jesus. The Christ of whom we have record seems to have had the potentiality for becoming a warm, dynamic and really revolutionary leader. Against the rigidity of the Law, he preached the simple and deeply radical concept of brotherly love. But he could not break free from the supernatural fantasy system of the Jahweh-religion. He could not preach simple love except in the language of the Father-God mythology. ("In my Father's house are many mansions," etc.) Thus he could not lead his followers to freedom: through the centuries, millions of Christians have remained caught in the old trap, submitting in the name of God, Church, State and Culture. They have not perverted his teaching; the fundamental perversion was his.

I do not believe that the real search for liberty can take place within the framework of religious institutions and symbols, orthodox or liberal. Rather, it must always be impeded by them. A "free church" is a contradiction in terms. So is a "religious community." Within the framework of religion, the most successful "communities" have always been authoritarian—just because *the religious repression of personality makes people incapable of free independent cooperation*. We shall never be able to be reasonably confident that we are on the way to a free society until religion has "withered away"—until the organized church has gone out of business, and the fundamental religious definition of life has disappeared.

2. THE FACULTY OF FLYING

JOHN STANLEY

FAITH, HOPE AND LOVE, said Saint Paul, and the greatest of these is love. Liberty, brotherhood and equality, sang the leaders of the French Revolution, and the greatest of these is—what? I will say liberty. I think there is a connection between these two triads, and I think that love is connected with liberty—wedded like the heat and the light of a flame. Liberty is the matrix in which love grows and flourishes and bears fruit. Love lies in the will, the voluntary faculty, and it cannot be bought or forced—only courted, through knowledge. And so, without liberty there can be nothing humane. We are like God—in an imperfect way—in our knowing; we are like Him—in an imperfect way—in our loving; and we are like Him—again in an imperfect way—in our liberty. But imperfect though it is, it is none the less real and strong and marvelously delicate; and we cannot be captured.

But there is a never ending attempt to imprison. Wounded, unconscious men move in on us constantly, dragging one heavy dangerous foot after the other, fearful of the faculty of flying, which is the prerogative of the liberated. Their life is a sick plot to nail men's wings to a cross of scheduled fear. The game is up when they have effectively anaesthetized the wing muscles so that we are grounded and are forced into the perverted action of tracking down someone who is still free so that he can be grounded too.

It goes on all the time: parents crush their children; teachers crush their students; men and women crush one another. One free being is intolerable to a crushed, withered, unconscious one; Francis had to go, and so did Gandhi and, *a fortiori*, Jesus Christ. And all over the country the water tables are being dangerously lowered; new deserts are forming.

But the law of our nature written so intricately in the sinews and arteries and tissues of our being will not permit us simply to roll over in capitulation. The love-liberty compositum demands with a gentle, masculine insistence that the effort continue to the splintering of death; and there is a terrible sanction attached to this law: oblivion. The fruit of love-liberty is creation in its infinite variety.

No one can tell anyone; you only know after you've

already done it. You not only have to fly, but you have to fly blind. But probably, for some at least, it will have a great deal to do with silence and smallness and transparency and quickness and solitariness, and an endless yielding—giving away. What is really wanted, of course, is to lead the dead-legged monster to the grotto of consciousness for the transfiguration of his sight. We don't want to kill the enemy, but to bring him to life.

PEACE:

I. RELIGIOUS BELLIGERENTS

MADEFREY ODHNER

THE EXTINCTION OF HUMAN LIFE on this planet is threatened by ethical belligerents, each in possession of an ethics which warrants when necessary the destruction of the other. It can scarcely be maintained that the Judeo-Christian ethics contains within it anything which ever has or ever will be effective in preventing war. As far as the Communist ethics, it was founded on war. The emptiness of these pretensions must be exposed or there can be no "peace on earth to men of good will". (The quotation belongs to Seneca, B. C.)

Only outside these ethics of belligerency is there hope for the establishment of permanent world peace. Such a "new" ethics must be basically true for it will have to prevail against three strong candidates for world dominion, Capitalism, Catholicism and Communism. It will have to survive three frank advocates of rule or ruin, and, should it fail, we shall no longer be concerned with truth.

The suppression of any religion is an insane tactic which only other religions would attempt or even contemplate. On the other hand, the exposure of the underlying fallacies of all religions, resistance to religious encroachments and blandishments, the removal of all forms of State or community support from religious propaganda (including the Communist) is necessary to the establishment of centers of straight thinking from which a "true" ethics may find expression and development.

It has been my observation that the leadership of radical movements of whatever stripe soever are more interested in the evasion of the religious problem than in its solution. There is always with them the maneuverer's fear that by facing it they will lose allies, which combines with the opportunistic hope that dubious alliances are a source of strength in the achievement of some objective which demands priority over everything else.

Let us agree that today the objective of first priority is the prevention of the destruction of the human species. In this situation it is very easy to concede that there is no time to bother about the nature of religion. It is easy to welcome alliances with everyone who is willing to express a good natured abhorrence of war. Is it not a job for everyone? I shall not list all the generals, priests, and Prime Ministers who have declaimed against war. If Attila had been interrogated properly there is no doubt we should now be the proud inheritors of his opinion, "War is hell".

What seems to be overlooked conveniently is that ten thousand years of religious thinking have evolved, for all its clamor against war, no better method of preventing war than to sit on its brink. That is an act of faith, and war too is an act of faith. Faith reasons only to support itself and consequently asserts the unreasonableness of reason when its "mysteries" are under scrutiny. Indeed the modern palsy-walsy method of dealing with reason is to assert that it requires faith—faith in reason. About this attempted fraternization there is a chummy plausibility.

If human faith had not permanently extended itself beyond the bounds of human reason in such a manner as to bring about religion there could be no possible question of its validity. What it would then amount to would be the persistence of effort in the face of discouragement, the maintenance of self-control under the pressure of panic. Its role *then* is to support and not to undermine reason.

With reasonable men reason is sufficient as a final arbiter. For the faithful, war is the climacteric of exasperation which must ensue in lieu of reason. It has not yet attained finality, and against this threat there can be no alternative but the liberation of the reason of the human race which is now enslaved to faith. To those who claim there is no time for this, the rejoinder is obvious. There is no time for anything else.

2. PEACE THROUGH THE RECOVERY OF RELIGION

ESME WYNNE-TYSON

TWO STATEMENTS have recently been made which should engage the earnest attention of all who are interested in solving the vital problems with which humanity is confronted to-day. The first was by Arnold Toynbee, the great historian and thinker, who asked how modern man was "going to fill the spiritual vacuum in his soul", and answered his own momentous question in these words:

"This vacuum has been created by the rise of modern science . . . But the way toward spiritual maturity runs not through science, but through religion. I therefore expect to see twentieth-century man set out on a quest for the recovery of religion. I believe that he will recover it."

The second was by Commander Sir Stephen King-Hall, naval officer, who, in a recent issue of his widely read *News-Letter*, after pointing out the impossibility of defending Britain from attack by nuclear weapons, proposed that we should give our consideration to "a fully pacifist policy" for the British and suggested that "a Royal Commission should be established with the task of expressing an opinion of whether our way of life could be defended by passive resistance and if so what the plan should be." (Cf. "Are Armed Forces Obsolete?" This issue, p. 10).

Both these statements suggest a new and realistic approach—long overdue—to the subject of the menace of Communism for both relate to the "better idea" that thoughtful people have always seen must be forthcoming if we are ever to present an answer to total materialism. What both are saying, in effect, is that we must return to, or recover, the original teachings and practice of the Founder of the Christian Faith.

Toynbee's use of the word "recovery" implies that he does not expect modern man to conform to the traditional Church teaching which has so obviously failed to achieve the purpose of establishing a reign of peace on earth, but rather to "recover" the original teachings of one who, by precept and practice, advocated the way of compassion, non-violence, mercy and loving-kindness, refusing to use compulsion even to save his own life, *i. e.* in self-defence.

But how, it may be asked, is the original gospel of peace and goodwill to be recovered? Have we to unravel the entanglement of pagan myth and superstition with the original Gospel skein by skein, a process that would entail endless controversy, and time that we can no longer afford?

The answer is "No", because, fortunately, spade-work has already been done on those lines by non-conformists

and dedicated men throughout the ages. Probably no result of this sifting work would be more appropriate to the purpose of recovering the original spirit of Christianity than the concepts found in Tolstoy's *The Kingdom of God* and in his *Essays and Letters*.

It is difficult to understand why this "answer to Marxism" has never been advanced by countries whose policy is to resist the indoctrination of Communism, for Lenin himself perceived and admitted its "danger". Like his successors, he was not much concerned with the teachings of the "official" Church, which could so easily be refuted by reason, but when an intellectual giant of the stature of Tolstoy not only gave a rational interpretation of the Gospel of Christ but himself conformed to it, the peril to the theories of dialectical materialism became very real. It was not easy to discredit Tolstoy as a thinker with the Russian people. As easily might one persuade the English that Shakespeare was no dramatist. Lenin's nervousness was evident when he wrote in *Sotsial-Demokrat* No. 18, after Tolstoy's death, that the great writer had "combined the struggle against the official church with the preaching of a new, purified religion, that is, a new, refined and more subtle poison for the oppressed masses."

As the very essence of Tolstoy's "new, purified religion" aimed at relieving mankind of all oppression, visualising a truly Christian anarchy in which man could be self-governed because governed voluntarily by the laws of God, this verdict may be seen as the usual reversal of Truth that we have come to expect from the materialists.

The recent discovery and publication of a letter from Gandhi to Tolstoy reminds us once again of the similarity of the outlook of these two great men. Gandhi, indeed, freely acknowledges his philosophical debt to the author of *The Kingdom of God*. If we are, as Sir Stephen King-Hall suggests, to study the technique of unarmed resistance so magnificently demonstrated by Gandhi, we must obviously learn the philosophy that made this resistance possible, and this will largely be found in *The Kingdom of God* and the last writings of Tolstoy.

From the study of these it will be evident that if we are to recover religion, which in the West is synonymous with Christianity, we must inevitably recover the spirit of compassion and non-violence upon which it was originally based; and we shall see that we cannot, as Sir Stephen seems to imply that we might, evolve a successful technique of passive resistance without recovering the Faith and moral values that alone make such resistance possible.

3. FREEDOM of BELIEF MEANS FREEDOM of UNBELIEF

JOHN MARTINSON

DOES THE AMERICAN Government have the right to ask me whether or not I believe in God?

I oppose the present draft law because I feel that it violates our time honored tradition of separation of church and state and contains an ultimate threat to our freedom of religion. The law specifically restricts conscientious objector status to men who claim a religious basis for their objection to war. In practice this means that men whose religious training has been in other than an historic peace church (such as Quaker, Mennonite or Brethren) may have considerable difficulty obtaining classification as conscientious objectors. And for the man who does not claim any religious affiliation the classification is virtually impossible to obtain.

Specifically, the registrant is required to answer "yes" or "no" to two questions: (1) Do you believe in a Supreme Being? (2) Do you consider your relationship to this Being above any personal relationship? Now I contend that this violates separation of church and state in that it sets up an agency of the government to decide who is and who is not religious, and to extend privileges accordingly. In view of the treatment of religious groups in other parts of the world who have been singled out by governments for special treatment (or torture) I hardly need to add more concerning the dangers inherent in such a precedent.

Furthermore I would argue that the civil authority oversteps its legitimate limits in requiring a citizen to answer to the government for his relationship to his God. If the relationship of a man to his God is not inviolable the idea of freedom of religion is indeed a hollow one. A federal judge, a U. S. Senator, a postman, a soldier, none of these are required to state their religious beliefs before serving the government. Why should the man working in a mental hospital or on a relief team be required to answer any more than the man on an army post? And our constitution specifically forbids any religious test for office.

Finally, I believe the law permits the government to buy a cheap form of moral insurance. The government recognizes a tiny minority whose belief in God and religious training have, in the government's eyes, blinded them from birth to the realities of the power situation. Having recognized the "men of God", what is more logical than to argue that "God is on our side." This attitude only adds to the widespread and current confusion of religion, morality and patriotism. Freedom of belief in America has always meant and depended on the corollary of Freedom not to believe.

From Roger Williams to Tom Paine, Thomas Jeffer-

son and Abraham Lincoln the mainstream of American democratic thought has flown through the pens and the lives of men whose religion was more often than not, unorthodox. I do not believe the claim which is heard today that one must be religious to be a good American can be sustained historically. We break faith with that democratic tradition when we support an agency of the government which makes religious decisions. The democratic tradition can become a victim of bigotry and militarism from within as easily as atomic destruction from without. That is why those who value our heritage and want to see it preserved and strengthened feel that the search for peace is such an urgent one.

But what has all this to do with my present position? I was recognized as a conscientious objector. I was doing useful alternative service and then told my draft board I no longer considered myself a C. O. *as they understood the term*. I did this because I believe what I have said above and my cooperation with Selective Service meant that I was supporting a law under which men like Vern Davidson, Burt Rosen and others were put in jail. Not because they weren't conscientious objectors, but because they didn't fit the government's definition. As I became aware of this situation I said that someone should raise the issue. Eventually I said it to myself.

This is a world I never made but must nevertheless feel responsibility for, and in this world I choose to practice civil disobedience to what I feel is an unjust law. Naturally one doesn't practice civil disobedience without deliberation and caution, but it seems to me a justifiable position for responsible citizens in a democracy.

Thoreau once said he didn't vote just once every four years but voted every day. Likewise, one day I refused to submit to induction and one other day I stand in court to discover the consequences. So, these are two days in a lifetime of days when the population of the army is one less and perhaps the prison population is one more. Weighed on the scale of human and world events in the 20th century I don't believe these two days are going to tip the balance very much. But there will be many other days in my lifetime (in or out of prison or the army) and on each one of these days there will be the challenge of acting in a socially responsible way, in a world that seems largely socially irresponsible.

Roger Baldwin of the League for the Rights of Man reports seeing the following sign in front of a church in New England:

THE HIGHEST PAID MINISTER IN NEW ENGLAND
WILL SPEAK HERE NEXT SUNDAY ON
"THE MEANING OF THE CROSS"

MAN BECKONS TO MAN

DAVID McREYNOLDS

ONE OF THE CHIEF VICES of our culture—and perhaps of any culture—is the desire to prove how sophisticated we are. We are determined to let the world know that we are too smart to be taken in by the con man. It is a vice radicals have accepted with a vengeance.

We know the score—the inside story. We know about the cops, the courts, the governments, the unions, the churches, and our own souls—they are all corrupted. We have been around, We are wised up. You won't catch us talking about utopia and the brotherhood of man. Someone might call us naive. Instead we talk about social ownership of the means of production and effective social planning. Sometimes in the silence of the night we remember how deeply we want to love people—but we don't dare say it in public: someone might snicker. (As Lenin is reputed to have said: "One would like to pet the people, but they bite.")

We are afraid to try the hard thing. We go on picket lines, are arrested, serve prison terms. But what is really hard, and what we are afraid to do, is to trust people, to try loving them. All of them. Even Dave Beck. Even Henry Luce. Even William Z. Foster (of the Communist Party.)

I have been a good anti-Communist radical, and better than most. I am a sharp fellow. I know where the political lines fall, how far one goes and when to stop, the conditions under which to support joint action and the conditions under which to oppose it. I know why we must oppose united fronts. I know Communists can't be trusted, just as I know that talk about the "mutual interest" of employers and employees is a snare and a delusion. I know all these things—and many, many more—because I am a wise and sophisticated person.

My wisdom, however, has palled on me. My political sophistication has begun to frighten me. I begin to suspect that none of our political lines make sense if you start with the individual man. People—individual men and women—are not first of all and basically Communists or reactionaries, Marxists or militarists. First of all they are people. The other things are shadows beside this reality.

To believe that the truth of the political label is still truth when you pin it on the individual man or woman is as stupid, as arrogant, and as pompous as are the lines traced by nations across the face of this green earth. You look at a map and there the lines are, the political boundaries all marked out in black. But if

you go to the land and look at it you find that the earth is alive and real and that the lines are nowhere to be seen. Sometimes you find barbed wire thrown up, wounding the natural dignity of the land. But you know it will rust in time, fall away.

Just so with people. And we radicals, we say it. We say we believe in HUMANITY and that means everybody. Everybody except: Dave Beck, Henry Luce and William Z. Foster.

I'm a weak man, and I admit I don't trust Mr. Beck or Mr. Luce or Mr. Foster. But I want to. I am a petty man, and when I look I still see the political lines. But I would rather see the man, the individual, the human soul. In the words of Kenneth Patchen:

It would take little to be free.
That no man hate another man,
Because he is black;
Because he is yellow;
Because he is white;
Or because he is English;
Or German;
Or rich;
Or poor;
Because we are everyman.

* * * *

Because the white man and the black man,
The Englishman and the German,
Are not real things.
They are only pictures of things.
Their shapes, like the shapes of the tree
And the flower, have no lives in names or signs;
They are their lives, and the real is in them.
And what is real shall have life always.

Don't misunderstand me—I believe in the class struggle. I know you don't wage revolutions without analyzing society. But if it is true that you can't wage revolutions in a mist of goodwill, nor end terror by a kind word, it is just as certain that no revolution is ever going to be worth the heartache it takes to accomplish it if we don't learn to infuse our sharpest analysis with a compassion for every individual man and woman.

It was about a year ago that I began to question the wisdom of being "wise". I had been asked to take the anti-Communist side in a small discussion before some 30 people. One of the speakers was from the Communist Party. While the Communist spoke I checked my pulse rate out of curiosity and found it had hit 160. Oh yes, I believe in discussion and in free speech, and I spoke well that day. But I so basically considered that member of the Communist Party to be my enemy that to sit in

the same room with him raised my pulse to 160.

My talk having been militantly anti-Communist, I was greatly surprised the next evening when I got a phone call from the C.P. speaker. He had, he said, been greatly impressed with my talk. He hadn't known, he said, that members of the Socialist Party felt as antagonistic toward Washington as toward Moscow, or that we supported the civil liberties of Communists, etc. In short, he said, he would like to have another discussion.

Being wise in the ways of the world in general and the Communist Party in particular, I asked myself: "Who does he think he's kidding?" I said to myself: "He only wants a discussion as a tactic leading to joint action—he thinks we are suckers." But because I believe in discussion as a principle—and not because I thought for a moment it would achieve anything where Stalinists were concerned—I agreed. And then, as the phone conversation came to an end, and as we concluded our tentative arrangements for further discussion, this man said: "You know, it is very hard for us to trust you." I laughed a little nervously and said I guessed he knew I didn't find it easy to trust him either.

That night I thought about his statement on the phone and it bothered me. There we were, on opposite sides of the political fence, unable for sound political reasons to trust each other. But both of us wanting to see a world where the rain wouldn't be radioactive.

Recently that haunting moment on the phone came back with added force when I learned the man involved—who I was so sure had wanted the discussion only for tactical reasons—had resigned from the C.P. Perhaps the man so "wise" that he *assumes* the worst elements always motivate his adversary is not really wise at all, but an immature person who hasn't found the courage to trust, who is afraid to love, who has lost the faith to believe.

I am not arguing for gullibility, for a tolerance of evil, or a blindness to injustice. I am arguing for the importance of learning not to attach the evil to individual men and women. I am arguing for somehow finding the courage to act in a decent, quiet, human way toward people who may not respect us for it. St. Paul once said he was willing to be a fool for Christ. Perhaps there is no job harder or more important for radicals than this willingness to appear foolish. Let Foster, Luce or Beck think they've conned us into something. What they think about us is not as important as what we feel about them.

Don't get me wrong—I propose to struggle as hard as I know how against what these gentlemen represent politically. But I am determined that in the future I will *try to believe* that even in the midst of the social struggle we are not personal enemies, that more important than Mr. Eastland's vicious racism is his poten-

tial to act like a decent human being. This is what is hard about carrying on a social revolution. There are classes. There *are* vested interests. *There is* a social struggle. The plight of those committed to a social revolution is nowhere more clearly or movingly expressed than in these lines from Bertolt Brecht's poem *To Posterity*:

Indeed I live in the dark ages!
A guileless word is an absurdity ...
He who laughs
Has not yet heard
The terrible tidings.

* * * *

For we knew only too well:
Even the hatred of squalor
Makes the brow grow stern.
Even anger against injustice
Makes the voice grow harsh. Alas, we
Who wished to lay the foundations of kindness
Could not ourselves be kind.

Saying that every man is "basically decent" is part of being really sophisticated. But we have not believed it. When confronted with the concrete situation our pulse goes up to 160 and our words are barbed so that everyone will know we are too wise to trust our enemy.

It is impossible for us to trust fully or to love fully, because we are caught up in a social conflict in which we must choose sides and, as humans, that act of choosing destroys our ability to see all men impartially. But it remains extremely important for us to sense the tragedy of our situation, rather than to rejoice in our sophistication at learning how an exploitative society corrupts men and women. This grief in the face of our weakness, this constantly frustrated and frustrating desire to trust all our fellow men and to love them—this will, in the long run, be far more important for the transformation of the social order than the jaded recognition of the corruption in the men and institutions around us and in ourselves.

THE PURGE

Whether in college or in corporation
The men of science seek to buy a hedge
Against the new fanaticism and pledge
Themselves to silence if not cooperation
With demagogues whose hope and expectation
Is the death of science—to buy the privilege
Of dying, not bodily, shouting at the knife's edge,
But dumbfounded, in a gassy strangulation.

With this the program for humanity—
Indoctrination for a last crusade,
That fatal world-entrapping ambushade,
Our maddened brains washed clean of sanity,
Debasing reason to refurbish God,—
Silence? Men of science, is it not odd?

Madefrey Odhams

LETTERS . . .

Dear Editors:

New York

"Everybody Killed George," declares Wallace Hamilton, writing in June *LIBERATION*. And yet, didn't "Everybody" also kill fourteen year old Stephanie Bryan? She, however, is hardly mentioned. All the slobber is expended upon Burton Abbott, a George-Possessed (in other days the authorized observers would have said "Devil-Possessed") man, who, after sufficient practice in accosting children, finally contrived to kill one. The fact of his known delinquency, rather than such circumstantial evidence as was finally set against him, is what's important in the case. The deliberative Law judged him a kidnapper and a murderer, and therefor lawfully murdered him; quite as casually as he accosted children. Was his overt-covert life too fine a thing to take in return for that of an ingenuous schoolgirl? (If the man was essentially decent, why did his wife call the police when she found Stephanie Bryan's purse hidden in the cellar? Did she have her doubts about him? If so, the "circumstantial evidence" becomes very important.)

Wallace Hamilton nevertheless presents an emotional defense of this "George" ridden type of sneak. He sees only the one "George"—the martyr surrounded by cannibals; whereas, in another setting—in, let's say, Hitler's Germany—"George" in many a variation commandeered the body of many an otherwise-well-intentioned Nazi.

There is, of course, one direct way—short of imprisonment or execution—of dealing with a Burton Abbott (alias "George"). Each "Wallace Hamilton" (or replica thereof) could rehabilitate a "Burton Abbott" by admitting the fellow into the Hamilton home life, where George-in-Burton might receive constant reconstructive supervision.

"George", by himself, is bad enough; but what can one do about him when he sneaks into hundreds of scientists and thousands of soldiers? Then's the time when "George" kills "George" wholesale; with the psychologists standing by, waiting to write more books.

Charles Czup

The theory, about which the article is a speculation, is that Abbott dealt with the uncontrollable evil within himself at the expense of his own life. The article suggests that the public, spectators at this suicidal process as well as indirect participants, used the process as a vicarious expiation of evil. Finally the article questions whether private evil can ever be effectively coped with by public ceremony, and vicarious atonement.

Articles could be written on problems of criminal rehabilitation, murder victims, circumstantial evidence, and the relationship of the criminal mind to Nazi leadership and military establishments, but these were not issues with which the article on the Abbott case was concerned.

Wallace Hamilton

Dear Editors:

Los Altos, Calif.

In the exchange between Finch and Dellinger in the June issue on the American Forum neither of them asks what seems to me and others a relevant question—Is it worth the effort? If the Left (whatever that now means) needs resuscitating, is microbiology necessary to that resuscitation?

Finch enumerates some of those socialist figures (Thomas, Shachtman, Howe, Coser) who would not join AF and contrasts them to others (Muste, Day, Lens, Eby, Mayer, Sibley) who helped initiate it and still support it. This enumeration is helpful in a way not suggested by Finch. It helps answer the question why anybody would go to the trouble of rehabilitating members of the Communist Party. The non-joiners are not only socialists but also are distinguished by their non-religious views: they are not Christians. The second group, who joined, are, with the possible exception of Lens, Christians. In fact, they are primarily Christians and their socialism is derivative from that. They are also soul-savers; they have a primary duty to lead others to the Light. Microbiology is the good Christians' task. Just one repentant Communist, whether Gates or the least important CP member, would be a victory for "The Left" (and for Christ).

Dellinger underlines part of the "Salvation" process with his description of the Newark meeting in which he was one of the five debaters. The four non-Communists "subjected" (the CP'er) "to such merciless public attack that I have wondered whether (the CP) would not withdraw from future programs in self-defense." Just as Billy Graham exposes the "sins" of his audiences in his present NY Revival, and then "brings them to Christ", Dellinger, Muste, et al, hope through "merciless public attack" to bring the Communists to a sense of their "sins," so that they may be "converted" into social democrats with a libertarian tinge.

In addition to this traditional bringing of the gospel to pagans and sinners, the socialist libertarians of the American Forum probably have one other characteristic held in common with all the other splinters and sects of the old socialist left: nostalgia for "the good old days" when the "Left" was active and young, and a never-ending love for doctrine and theology, whether Christian or Marxist.

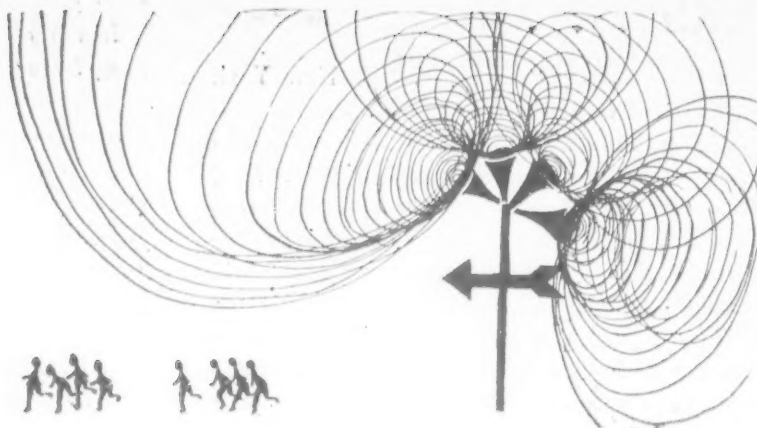
Those of us who do not share quite so fervently this missionary zeal should, it seems to me, not condemn our Christian friends for doing what comes naturally, nor should we condemn them for being "fools for Christ." We could however ask them, in all candidness, to rename the American Forum—For Socialist Education; my suggestion is The Christian Forum—For Communist Rehabilitation.

Roy C. Kepler

"THE MAYOR HAS SIGNED

The local Judge has signed

Our local doctor has signed"



So writes a **LIBERATION** subscriber from a small city in the midwest, as he returns one of the following petitions:

To PRESIDENT DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

The White House
Washington, D. C.

We, the undersigned, urgently call upon you to take vigorous steps to effect a ban on the testing of nuclear bombs.

The stopping of nuclear tests would go a long way toward halting the spread of the nuclear arms race to other nations. It would stop the increasing danger from radioactive fall-out. It would be a dramatic moral act which would ease tensions and create the political climate for positive steps to peace.

This step in the direction of disarmament would need no inspection system, since scientists state that nuclear bomb tests can be detected by present monitoring methods.

We urge you to give this petition by citizens your most serious consideration.

Help Get Your Friends in the Mood

Copies of this petition, initiated by the American Friends Service Committee, can be secured by writing to **LIBERATION**. At the same time, why not order extra copies of the current issue of **LIBERATION**? It may help your friends to understand the urgency of making a clean break with the old military shell-and-bomb game. 4 months trial subscription \$1; 1 year \$3; 10 copies of this issue \$2.

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